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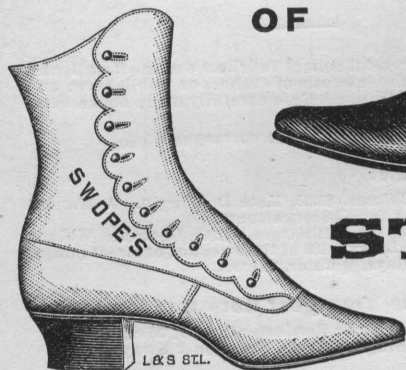
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MUSICAL REVIEW

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SAINT-SAENS' NEW OPERA.

SAINST-SAENS' opera, announced under the title of "Ascanio," has now been named "Benvenuto." The libretto is taken by Gallet from Paul Meurice's drama. It comprises seven tableaux but the famous scene of the casting of the statue is omitted. In the two-act opera by Berlioz, "Benvenuto Cellini," the incident of an artist being forced through scarcity of metal to fling his masterpieces of gold and silver work into the furnace forms a striking feature. There is, however, another "Benvenuto" in the field, and its authors, Messrs. Diaz and Gaston Hirsch, claim the title as theirs. This "Benvenuto" is not based on the drama of Paul Meurice, in which Mélingue was so admirable, but on an entirely imaginary story. It is possible that finally the work of Saint-Saëns will be called "Hebe" or "Colombe." So far the rôles have been assigned as follows: *Benvenuto*, Lassalle; *Ascanio*, Jean de Reszké; *Scozonne*, Miss Richard; *Colombe*, Mrs. Bosman; and probably the *Duchesse d'Etampes* will be given to Mrs. Escalaïs.

MUSIC BOXES AND THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

ALTHOUGH the Music Box can only be regarded as a superior kind of toy, there is so much ingenuity exhibited in its construction, that its mechanism will well repay examination.

It is scarcely necessary to explain that the familiar and not unpleasant tone is produced by means of a series of steel teeth collectively known as the "comb" from its resemblance to that indispensable toilet implement.

These teeth are operated on by minute steel points fixed in a revolving cylinder of brass. The "marking" of these "barrels" is in itself an extremely difficult operation requiring great skill, as the utmost accuracy is indispensable in fixing the almost innumerable tiny points in their proper positions. In order to execute pieces of greater length than can be set on one barrel an ingenious device has been introduced, viz., the use of a duplex cylinder in connection with the separate combs.

The fabrication of the comb, is also an exceedingly troublesome detail. After thoroughly testing the piece of mild cast steel selected for the purpose, it is polished and annealed, being made red hot, and buried in sawdust to exclude the air. The teeth are then rapidly cut with great exactness by means of a machine specially devised for the purpose.

When the keys are tuned, it frequently happens that some of them prove feeble and unsatisfactory in sound. These are taken out and replaced by others in the following manner. New ones of the same size and shape as the defective ones are made and immediately beneath each a "foot" is formed. A slot is then filed out of the steel block, of precisely the same size as the "foot" just referred to. The key is then gently hammered into its place and soldered. When the operation has been repeated as often as necessary, all the new keys are filed to the same level as the remainder and tuned by extra filing underneath.

The cylinder which slowly revolves in front of the comb is operated by means of a circular spring coil of tempered steel. In some of the largest instruments this spring represents a motive power 700 or 800 pounds.

M. Paillard has brought the manufacture of the music box to the highest state of perfection

and introduced many "effects," which elevate it almost to the dignity of a musical instrument. His establishment in Switzerland is of considerable extent, and he employs quite a little army of skilled workmen.

THE ART OF BREATHING.

RESPIRATION so seldom lays claim to our attention, and is conducted with such instinctive ease, that few suppose there can be any art in taking breath. Precisely that which least occasions thought and labor is, however, what often most repays intelligent inquiry and care. This is certainly to be said of respiration.

There is scarcely a person who may not profit by an endeavor to improve this life-sustaining function. It is to the singer and orator, however, that breathing assumes a significance which justifies its cultivation as an art.

Breath imparts motion to the vocal cords. Breath carries their vibrations to the surrounding atmosphere. The bellows which supply the motive and conveying blast of air is represented by the lungs. These are suspended within the chest, one on either side, like two bags of highly elastic material, divided into countless minute compartments. Inasmuch as the lungs fill the air-tight chest, every enlarging of the thoracic cavity necessarily results in an expansion of the lungs and a consequent inrush of air through the respiratory passages.

The interior of the chest may be enlarged in one or a combination of three ways. These different modes of effecting inspiration are known as clavicular, costal and diaphragmatic breathing.

Clavicular breathing is characterized by the forcible raising of the upper ribs by the contraction of powerful muscles which pass from the neck and shoulders to the chest. It may be recognized by a feeling of strain about the neck, by the accompanying elevation of the shoulders, and by a jerking upwards of the entire chest.

Individuals afflicted with diseases that render respiration a task, are obliged to breathe in this fashion. Clavicular breathing must be condemned as abnormal and fatiguing. It moreover ruins the voice by causing muscles to press upon the larynx in such a manner as to interfere with the adjustability of the vocal cords.

Contrasted with the labored efforts of clavicular breathing, is the quiet, circumferential enlargement of the thorax by the movement of the ribs in costal breathing. Equally natural is the vertical increase of the chest by the descent of the midriff in diaphragmatic breathing. The conjoint employment of these two methods constitutes the only safe and correct way of filling the lungs with air.

When inspiration is thus produced, the chest walls (especially in the region of the lower ribs) should be felt gradually to expand and the abdomen be noticed to bulge forwards. Considerable dispute has arisen upon the subject of abdominal breathing, which name is commonly used to designate respiration by means of the diaphragm.

Teachers of the old Italian school and followers of the teachings of the Paris Conservatory insisted that a drawing-in of the abdominal walls, and not a swelling-out, was the true criterion of good breathing. The noted Gottfried Weber went so far as to say that, wrong as the method might seem physiologically, it nevertheless gave the best results artistically. Indeed, famous singers have been known to always draw inwards the abdominal walls with inspiration.

Prudence suggests that such cases be accepted rather as accidental exceptions than as examples

for imitation. It has been thought, too, that the vocalists in question might still have allowed a full descent of the midriff with the necessary forward protruding of the abdomen, and afterwards, at the close of the inspiratory act, contracted the abdominal muscles so as to support the lowered diaphragm by fixing the ribs to which it is attached. This explanation reconciles conflicting opinions, and has a sound anatomical basis to recommend it.

Thus far we have dealt solely with the mechanism of inspiration. Expiration, as ordinarily performed in health, is mainly the result of the elastic rebound of the lungs and thoracic walls to their former condition, and is achieved as soon as the muscles of inspiration cease to act. The muscles of the abdomen, by contracting upon the contents of this cavity, tend to press the midriff upwards, and thus assist the latter in emptying the lungs.

When the expired air is being utilized for vocalization, it is obviously of the greatest importance to be able to completely control the rate of outflow. Opportune inflation of the lungs and skillful management of the emitted breath, are two of the most desirable accomplishments of a fine vocalist.

A few simple breathing gymnastics are described in the following, as facilitating the achievement of this result:

I. Take a long, deep inspiration, filling the lungs silently, very gradually and without straining, but to their full capacity; hold the breath four seconds, and then empty the chest with one quick expiration.

II. Reverse the exercise, by making the inspiration rapid, yet complete, and prolonging the act of expiration as much as possible.

III. Make both inspiration and expiration very long and slow.

IV. Produce a series of alternate inspirations and expirations, all of them full, but of short duration.

V. Practice tremulous breathing by generating a succession of inspiratory and expiratory sobs.

In order to secure the benefit which accrues from these lung gymnastics, they must be repeated diligently and attentively during a number of months. It is not necessary to carry them on for more than a few minutes at a time. They should be employed in due moderation, especially at the beginning, and every forced effort is to be discontinued. The interval during which the air is retained within the lungs should be lengthened by degrees.

All the exercises are to be practiced at first while lying in horizontal position, afterwards in sitting posture, then standing, and finally while walking with varying grades of rapidity.

Correct methods of breathing imply the observance of several general principles, whose mention will claim the remaining lines of this article.

The singer or public speaker, above all others, needs the urgent injunction to discard everything which can embarrass respiration. This is done by stooping or otherwise constrained positions of the body, by a too great inclination of the head, and particularly by apparel which tightly girds chest or abdomen.

Respiration is always to be an absolutely noiseless process, excepting only when emotion dictates violent breathing.

The inspired air should at all times pass through the nose (not through the open mouth), saving rare occasions when this is utterly impossible. It is advisable to take breath as often as may be done without interruptions of phrase, yet guarding carefully against inflating the lungs with more air than can be conveniently used.

The ideal aim of art in breathing consists in the adjustment of a perfect balance between the amount of air inspired and the quantity necessary for the production of tone.—C. SHATTINGER, M. D.

Kunkel's Musical Review

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Looking over the list of the recent "graduates" from the New England Conservatory of Music, we are struck by the great disparity in numbers of the two sexes. In the department of the piano we note twenty-five ladies as against three gentlemen, in that of the voice twenty-nine ladies and three gentlemen and in that of the organ four ladies and three gentlemen, or altogether fifty-eight ladies to nine gentlemen. Great as is this disparity in this institution, it is probably even greater in the western conservatories. Such a state of affairs is all but encouraging to those who would like to see America numbered among musical countries, for it demonstrates that, even in "musical" Boston, music has not yet reached the position of a serious study, worthy of the attention of men. It is still, in the estimation of the fathers and brothers of the fair graduates, a pastime, an accomplishment for young ladies, or a means for the fair sex of making a livelihood, if necessary, in a rather genteel manner—and nothing more. Evidently, even in cultured New England, even in the home of Emerson, the material is still a synonym for the practical. So long as that remains the fact throughout the United States, so long will the United States occupy a secondary place in the world of music. Women in all ages have inspired great art-works—they have created none. If America is ever to become a producer of noble musical compositions, more attention will have to be paid to music by the young men of the country.

MUSICAL HOBBY-HORSES.



HE peculiarity of the hobby-horse is that, however much its rider may imagine himself carried to deeds of valor by his steed, he not only is not carried thereby but on the contrary has to carry it, so that it is a real impediment to his speed, a clog upon his progress. The peculiarity of the rider of the hobby-horse is that he can seldom be persuaded of the fact that the "horse" of his youthful fancy is the reverse of helpful to his vigorous coursing. Music teachers are not without

their hobby-horses, always useless, often injurious, but dear to the hearts of their riders. Let us look at a few of them as they pass.

Here is one who rides to the front upon Terminology. He is the deadly foe of the "natural," the Knight-errant champion of "cancel." He does battle for words and against words. What does music gain, theoretically or practically, as the result of his doughty deeds? Well—never mind—that is his hobby.

Clad in the habiliments of the middle ages, here rides one as the champion of the classics. His foes are all the moderns. He stands ready to do and die for classicism. Shall we ask him how he knows that a given work is classical? He has a catalogue of "classical music"—he consults that. How is music helped by his ignorant devotion? That has nothing to do with the case; he is a classicist.

But here is another, glaring at the last cavalier. His horse is called *Götterdämmerung*—he fights for Wagner and Wagner alone. Wagner is the father and mother of music, his works are the musical Bible. Down with all heretics! What does music gain by this exclusiveness? Why, Wagner is music and music is Wagner. Besides his hobby-horse is new and fashionable. He must and will ride it!

Behold another. He rides the "Technicon." Mounted upon his mechanical Rosinante, he is going to revolutionize the study of keyed instruments. Music, he thinks, resides in the knuckles of its devotees, and if these are only made more limber, all will be well. His twin brother rides by his side. Scales is the name of his Bucephalus. If you will only ride with him from six to ten hours a day, you will make great progress; you will become a very great musician—almost as great as he—who has never been heard of outside of his immediate surroundings. Do you ask the twin worthies whether there is not something greater and deeper in music than mere mechanism? Do you inquire whether the necessary mechanism may not be acquired while acquiring other and higher knowledge? For all answer they will canter the more vigorously upon their well-beloved hobby-horses.

And still they come. Some are mounted upon New Notations, others upon peculiar Systems of Fingering, others still upon Anatomical and Physiological Methods of Singing, others—but the cavalcade is endless; the hobbies are made to prance most proudly before us until the eye is wearied and the ear would fain be closed against the noise made by the fearless Knights of the Hobby-Horse; until we ejaculate the fervent prayer that either they might be made to "see the error of their way" or that the traditional Fool-killer might come quickly and perform his duty in an impartial and thorough manner. But alas, we fear that the riders of hobby-horses, like the poor, "are with us always."

THE M. T. N. A. CONCERT ON THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH."



HEN we first looked over the programme of the M. T. N. A. concert for the 4th of July, we noticed what we considered an omission, but made up our mind to keep our peace until later, to see whether some one else might not call public attention to the matter. We have looked in vain through our musical weeklies for a word of remonstrance or criticism, and we doubt whether the monthlies will think it worth while to advert to the fact we refer to, although the *Chicago Tribune* has called their attention to it in words which are as just as they are cutting. Let us repeat them:

"The evening of the 4th of July there were gathered in the Exposition Building 6,000 Americans. Music was the attraction that had drawn them there. The National Association of American Teachers of Music was in session in Chicago. The programme of the evening was prepared as an incident of their meeting. Original music by American composers was the principal feature of the programme. The finest orchestra the country has boasted occupied the platform. The Apollo Club, an American musical organization, was there also. So were 400 singers who constituted an American chorus. Can it be credited that throughout the programme no note was taken of the fact that the nation was celebrating the anniversary of its republican independence? That not a National air was played, nor a National strain sung? Such a thing could happen probably in no other country having a government and a free people. In Germany, the evening would have been inaugurated with 'Die Wacht am Rhein.' In France, the orchestra would have played 'La Marseillaise,' or run the risk of being mobbed. In England, 'God Save the Queen' would have been chanted standing. Mr. Thomas forgot that it was the 4th of July, or he despises our American political ideas too much to pay them the paltry homage of playing 'America,' or 'Star-Spangled Banner,' or 'Columbia.'"

These words of reproach are deserved, we repeat it—all save the making Thomas responsible for an omission in a programme which he did not arrange.

Either the programme committee did not fairly represent the sentiments of the music teachers assembled at Chicago, or those teachers lack the first element in the make-up of a good citizen—patriotism. It will not do to sneer at the musical quality of our patriotic songs, for, if it be true that we have no "Marseillaise," it is equally true that as a national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner" is worth (both words and music) a dozen "God Save the Queens," and that "Hail Columbia," though inferior, may well stand by the rather ponderous "Wacht am Rhein."

A few minutes devoted to the singing of a national anthem would have detracted nothing from the performance of more important musical works, but, on the contrary, would have added zest to the enjoyment of them, and would have done something to dispel the impression that had gone abroad that the National Association, through its choice of artists, etc., had shown itself to be American only in name. This omission, however, proves that the impression in question was essentially correct, and that not only foreign artists but also foreign ideas ruled the convention.

But where were the Americans (who certainly were not few) all this time? Why was there not one word of protest, remonstrance or admonition? Were they afraid to speak, or did they not have the sense to see the glaring slight upon America? In other words, were they all cowards or fools?

This thing goes deeper than a mere question of sentimentality. There was either intentional slight or indifferent neglect of the natal day of the Nation (with a capital N). Men and women who would have joined in honoring the birthday of some infamous despot or imbecile potentate, and thought they were honoring themselves in so doing—men and women who had found in this country the homes and the bread which their own lands could or would not give them—had not a word, not a note, not a thought, though in "National Convention" assembled on the Nation's natal day, for the grandest event in modern history, for the blessings they even then were enjoying as the result thereof, for the starry banner whose ample folds protected them! Shame upon a programme committee that could bungle so guiltily! Shame upon native Americans who supinely allowed such a thing to stand without protest! Shame, shame, shame upon a convention, mis-named American, that could be so unpatriotic, so un-republican, so un-American!

GUIDO RENI.

(Concluded from last issue.)

NMONTH later, Guido Reni set out for Rome. This delay had been necessary to enable him to finish three large paintings which he wished to take with him. One was a copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas, which he gave to Cardinal Facchinetti, his first patron; the two others were commissions from Cardinal Sfron-

dato. He left Bologna, then, with a rather sad heart, for he was parting for a long time from friends whom he loved, from his father, and from his two teachers, Luigi and Hannibal Carrage, in whom his character and talent had inspired a genuine love for him, and who gave him a letter to Albano, one of their pupils who was already famous. But at the same time, his heart was full of hope, and he said to himself that he was setting out like those knights of former days who undertook great labors to win her whom they loved. Then he dreamed of all the distinctions and honors that the Papacy showered with prodigal hand, when it was a matter of protecting the Arts, or of encouraging genius, and he smiled at the thought that in three years, perhaps in less, he would come back to lay his honors, his titles and his fortune at the feet of the sweet and beauteous creature who had loved him when humble, poor and unknown.

Then, too, Rome and its wonders appeared to his imagination, and genius conquered affection; the artist rose above the lover when he remembered he was going to Raphael's birth-place, and his fancy called up all the works and all the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, of Titian, of Tintoretto, of Parmesan, of the giants of the preceding century, which he was about to see, and which he hoped . . . perhaps, to equal!!

At last, he arrived at Rome and the struggle began. Albano, to whom his Masters had introduced him, took him next day to Josepino, who, seeing in him the antagonist of Caravaggio, proclaimed himself his protector, and used all his influence, which was great, to help him supplant his rival.

It is not wandering from my subject to pause to tell who the latter was.—Michael Angelo Amerighi or Morigi, surnamed Caravaggio, was older than Guido Reni by some eight or ten years. The son of a mason in Milan, he had at first ground the colors for the fresco painters of his native city; but, feeling the Genius of Art stirring within him, he quit this humble employment and began himself to paint. It is said that he learned to handle the brush by watching the artists who hired him, and that this was his sole instruction. Be that as it may, he devoted considerable time, later on at Venice, to the study of Giorgione's works, and for awhile adopted the manner of that great colorist. It was not long, however, before he abandoned it to set up for a reformer, and to create a style of his own, which soon became greatly celebrated, for all the young painters in Rome endeavored to imitate him and proclaimed him the founder of the new Roman School. But this style, so extolled at that time, and which some have tried to render popular in our day, was soon abandoned, and the one who most powerfully contributed to bring back a love for correctness of drawing and nobility of design—in other words, of the ideal in its greatest purity—was Guido. However, one must admire in Caravaggio his great strength and accurate coloring, his *chiar-oscuro* and his masterly disposal of light. But he had no other adviser than his powerful but undisciplined imagination; he was moved as little by the beauties of the antique as by the grandeur of Raphael's works. He copied nature precisely as she appeared to his gloomy mind, without attempting either to poetize or idealize it, and thus he developed a *bizarre* taste from which proceed the defects of his works. Moreover, his was a troubled and melancholy spirit. He lived always apart and frequented only the most lonesome spots and the most obscure inns. Like all founders of schools, he pretended to be the only great living painter, and never spoke of any others except in the most disdainful way. Being a fine swordsman, he often said that no coward or timid man could be a good painter.

Such was the man with whom the gentle and affectionate Guido Reni, with his poetic fancy and delicate spirit, inspired by love for Raphael, whom he much resembled, was to find himself face to face, in other words, at war with, immediately upon his arrival.

Perhaps you recollect I said Corisande had a duenna. The duenna is an old woman of forbidding appearance, but always purchasable, who was in-

vented in Spain and introduced into Italy at the time of the occupation of Milan by the Spaniards.

As long as Guido was poor, the duenna was incorruptible, and it was she who had told the notary about the secret interview between his daughter and the young painter; but when he received the money for his first picture, dame Betti grew more merciful, and, did not her white, towering bonnet and her black veils entirely forbid a comparison with the light and graceful messenger of the gods, I would say she became the Iris of our lovers. It was through her that, since Guido's departure, the young girl learned all that was reported about his success in Rome, and it was through her also that she received the young man's letters and sent him her replies.

One day, this respectable female, all smiles, came into the chamber of her mistress, for she had a letter from Rome, and the delivery of every letter tacitly implied a liberal remuneration. Corisande seized it eagerly, and was somewhat surprised at not recognizing her friend's writing; still, she broke the seal and read; but as she read, a deathly pallor took the place of the carnation with which the thought of Guido had covered her cheeks; then the tears began to fall and, before she had come to the end of the letter, she was sobbing violently.

"Oh, Lord! what is the matter?" asked the duenna, with genuine interest, or at least with a very good imitation of interest.

"Ah, Betti! Betti!" sobbed the poor child, "he has had a duel with that dreadful Caravaggio, and is wounded . . . perhaps even dead while we speak! Oh, yes, he is dead! I feel here that he is dead!" she continued, laying her hand upon her heart; and her sobs became so violent that she could not say more.

For a quarter of an hour the duenna tried in vain to calm and reassure her; and her efforts were all the greater because she feared the notary might come in, when it would have been impossible to conceal from him his daughter's despair, the occasion for which he would, of course, have wanted to know. Dame Betti was therefore, much perplexed, when the notion struck her of reading the fatal letter, probably with the idea of finding in it some consoling news by a less lugubrious interpretation than that which the young girl had put upon it in the excess of her fears for him she loved. Her expectations were surpassed. Corisande had not finished, and the close of the letter was as reassuring as its opening was alarming. The friend who wrote for Guido said that he did so at the latter's request, because he was certain that his duel would soon be spoken of at Bologna, and he feared its results might be exaggerated; that the wound he had received was painful, but not dangerous, and that, if he was obliged to have recourse to a stranger's hand to write to her, it was owing to his extreme weakness, caused by a great loss of blood, but that, in a few days, he would write to her, himself, to entirely dissipate her fears. And the obliging friend wound up by highly complimenting the courage Guido had displayed in the encounter with the Milanese.

This is what had happened:

Caravaggio had made a sketch of the crucifixion of St. Peter for Cardinal Borghese, but Josepino, the enemy of Caravaggio (whose lifelong dream it was to kill him) and Guido's protector, persuaded the Cardinal to take the picture from the former and entrust it to the hands of the latter. However, the Cardinal, who admired Caravaggio's manner, did it upon the condition that the painting should be finished in the style of him who had begun it. Guido accepted the conditions, and proved by his superior execution of this work that nothing was impossible to his magic brush. But it is easy to guess how furious this made the Roman Master. He went at once to Josepino's studio, where Guido was at the time, and abused his two rivals with such vehemence that Josepino thought it best to retire, while Reni drew his sword. It seems that he handled the rapier less skillfully than the brush, for in the first pass or two he received a wound which, as we have seen above, though deep, was not dangerous.

Still his reputation grew day by day. Pope Paul V. chose him to paint the frescoes of his private chapel at Monte Cavallo. Guido painted on the altar *The Annunciation*, and on the ceiling *Paradise*, with a multitude of angels and saints upon the sides, and cherubs in all possible positions. His Holiness was enraptured with these frescoes, which are counted among the best of the Master's works, and conceived for the artist a special affection, often coming to watch him work, and even visiting him in his studio, which had become the rendezvous of the most eminent members of the Roman aristocracy and of all the celebrated artists. It was

perhaps owing to the popularity due to his talent, but also partly on account of the fact that Guido Reni was possessed of great personal beauty, a brilliant mind, an amiable disposition, and knew how to apply to the commonest details of life an exquisite appearance of elegance, that it came about that public opinion gave him the palm in the contest he had with Dominican, who was unfortunate, persecuted and calumniated during his lifetime, but whom posterity has placed next to Raphael, and, consequently, above Guido himself.

This victory set the seal of Fame upon his reputation, and the Pope entrusted to his hands the frescoing of the chapel of St. Mary Majora.

The time set by Corisande's father had expired, but Guido had fulfilled all the conditions of the agreement made between the rancorous notary and his daughter, and there remained but one panel to be painted of all those frescoes which we still admire in St. Mary Majora, when he received a letter from her whom he could now call his bride. In this letter, full, like its predecessors, of all the tenderness that the pure love of a maiden may express, Corisande told Guido to set out at once for Bologna, where her father was dying. The old man had at length given up his plans of an aristocratic alliance, had forgotten his prejudices, or perhaps had been overcome by the fame of the young master, and he had now expressed the wish to bless, before he died, the union of those whom he now called his children.

Guido, with the marvelous quickness for which he was famed, sketched the last panel of the frescoes in St. Mary Majora, left the finishing of this great work in the hands of his best pupils, and, without seeing the Pope, for fear he might oppose his departure, without bidding any of his friends good-bye, he left Rome almost by stealth, trembling lest he should arrive too late,—the letter he had received having been eight days on the way. However, by scattering gold broadcast on the road, by buying horses when he found none at the post-houses on his arrival, he got to Bologna in four days.

When he entered the city, drawn by four horses at a gallop, when he saw the fronts of the familiar houses glide by on each side of his carriage, he felt elated as he cast a backward glance over the past and recalled his needy childhood, the ambition and dreams of his boyhood—realized to-day far beyond his wildest hopes. He thought of his father's humble house, where he had already established comfort and where he was about to bring happiness and fame; he remembered the first days of love, his blushes, his embarrassment, and the emotion—almost painful in its intensity—which he felt whenever he met their rich neighbor's daughter, the lovely creature who to-day called him to her side so that she might lean her beautiful but sorrowful brow upon his shoulder, and say to him in her gentle voice, "At last!" . . .

So completely was he wrapped up in these thoughts, that his postilion slackened his gait, and finally came to a walk, without his noticing it. But at last he noted the fact, and, as each moment lost might be of value, he impatiently asked why he did not go faster, and repeated his father's address, which the postilion knew quite well, being a Bolognese, who had left the city only the day before to drive a traveler to the post-house, where Guido had taken him for the return trip, as was then the custom in the stage service. He answered the command of the traveler by calling his attention to the fact that the street they were in was full of carriages and people, which obliged him to go slowly.

"But what is the matter?" asked Guido, who had not even the alternative of taking another street, seeing that the one they were in was that in which his father dwelt.

The postilion who had been obliged to come to a standstill before a line of stationary carriages, turned in his saddle and said: "It is Corisande's funeral!"

"What did you say?" asked Guido, certain that he had misunderstood. "You mean Corisande's father, Signor Anselmo."

"Oh!" said the other, "Signor Anselmo died a week ago. I am speaking now of Corisande, who died yesterday morning, and who is being buried to-day. They say she died of a disease called the *epidemic*, which she caught nursing her father." It is clear that the postilion was not versed in medicine. He continued, "And it's a pity, too, for she was certainly the prettiest woman in Bologna!" And he added philosophically, "However, that's just the way with us all! Rich or poor, young or old, it makes no difference, you've got to step out, when death, God's policeman, taps you on the shoulder and says, March!"

He might have gone on at great length without the traveler's stopping him; the latter had sunk back upon the cushions of his carriage, his eyes haggard but tearless, his limbs inert, in a state of stupor or prostration akin to unconsciousness, for he did not even think, but kept mechanically repeating: "Corisande is dead! Corisande is dead!"

When they got in front of Reni's house, the postilion dismounted to open the door for the traveler and said to him: "Your highness has arrived." But he, instead of answering, repeated: "Corisande is dead!" The driver went into the house and came back with the elder Reni. As soon as Guido saw his father, his faculties returned, for, leaping from the carriage and throwing himself into the old man's arms, he said to him, in a voice broken by sobs: "This man is mistaken, is he not? Corisande is not dead!"

His father pressed him in silence to his breast, and Guido understood him.

What remains to be told is sadder than Corisande's death, the pathos of which I have tried to lessen by leaving out those heart-rending scenes which I might have depicted, and by not reproducing the letter filled with love, regret and parting admonitions, written by Corisande the day previous to her death to him whom she had loved so well. Yes, there is something still sadder than the death of a chaste and lovely girl, whose young heart and pure soul were open to the inspiration of every noble thought, whose fancy was lulled by those tender and poetic reveries, which first love causes to spring up around its feet as naturally as Spring causes the flowers to bud and blossom. This something sadder than the death of a maiden of twenty, is the death of a genius. When the soul I have just spoken of is breathed out, it rises, white and stainless as a dove, radiant as a Seraph banished to this earth, and whom a look from God has called back to its home, and the ivory gate of the Paradise promised to the pure in heart, are thrown open wide before her who has just left a vale of tears and woe, for the Kingdom of Light.

But the Genius whose pinions already bore him aloft in the pure light of the empyrean, who himself shone forth above those lofty peaks covered with eternal snows, which he caused to sparkle like gigantic diamonds, the Genius whose rays warmed a whole nation and illumined, in the night of Time, one of those tedious watches which we call a "century" he goes out like a sun, he falls like a star, grief and misfortune strike him like a dart, and he is precipitated, like an eagle, from the blue heights of the empyrean to the gloomy depths of some ravine, where the foulest feet can safely trample him, where reptiles can multiply their bites, bind his wings with their horrid folds, and cover him with their slime, until this . . . thing, blood-stained, defiled, no longer an eagle, expires beneath their venom, after having soared among the clouds. Such was the fate of Guido Reni.

The Pope, who loved him, ordered his Legate at Bologna to have him return. But for more than a year Guido, absorbed in his grief, refused absolutely to go back to Rome, and it was only at the earnest instance of Cardinal Facchinetti that he consented to set out for the Eternal City.

When he arrived at Rome, all the Cardinals sent their carriages to meet him at Porte Molle, something done only for Ambassadors of the Great Powers. He was conducted with great pomp to the Vatican, where His Holiness welcomed him with joy, consoled with him in his sorrow, and showered gifts upon him.

But far from mitigating his grief, these honors only increased its bitterness, since they could never be shared by, and would always be unknown to her who slept now and for all time in the Camposanto at Bologna. Bologna he continually longed for, because it was there he had won her love, and there that her lovely body lay!

At first he sought oblivion and consolation in work and in devotion to his art, and in a very short time finished the "Labors of Hercules," for the Duke of Milan; "Venus at the Bath," for the Duke of Bavaria; the "Abduction of Europa," for the King of England; "Graces crowning Venus," for the Duke of Savoy; a Madonna for the King of Spain, and the "Annunciation" for Marie de Medici.

But Memory, that Promethean vulture, which is not fabulous; Memory and Discouragement which comes with it, often stayed the hand which still produced master-pieces. Therefore he tried to drown his sorrows in the wine cup. But his refined nature, the shame he underwent the day following a debauch, stopped him on the downward path. Besides, what this burning temperament required was a passion, not the low gratification of an animal appetite: he took to gambling, and the emotions of the gaming table dulled his recollections. That was what he longed for!

He gave himself up to this new passion, this new love, with perfect frenzy, and in a short time squandered in the gambling hells all the gold he had so gloriously acquired. When he was ruined, when the usurers would no longer lend him anything, he tried to procure by the labor which had once made him rich, the means to gratify his desires, and to that end prostituted his talent, for genius he no longer had, painting, on the spur of the moment, pictures without merit, which he sold for little or nothing. It is said, that, pressed by his creditors, or by the demon into whose clutches he had fallen, he painted as many as three pictures in one day.

At last, abandoned by all his friends, overwhelmed with debts which he had no means of paying, without hope, feeling inspiration dead within him, filled with remorse, bowed down by grief and reduced to the deepest poverty, he lay down upon a pallet and died, forgotten, after a lingering illness, in 1642, aged sixty years.—COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

THE ETHICS OF CRITICISM.

THE existence between the public and all art matters of a body of men sitting in judgment upon the claims of the latter to the support of the former is a peculiar feature of modern times. Peculiar, that is to say, as to the extent to which the power is exercised, and as to the influence exerted by the decisions promulgated.

Acting, as this advanced guard of public taste does, through the medium of the press, its operations have grown with the growth of that wonderful institution, and strengthened with its strength, so that now the opinion of men in general is to a great extent swayed by the verdict it delivers. This being so, it is superfluous to say that a serious responsibility rests upon those who fill the position of public censor. Apart from the consideration whether or no there be the possession of the necessary acquaintance with a particular art, there are certain conditions to be fulfilled, without which it is practically impossible for a critic to be efficient in his vocation. It is because we think some of these conditions are overlooked, and there is a danger of their being still further neglected, that we draw the attention of our readers to the subject.

"Criticism," said Dr. Johnson, "as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of judging well." This definition, which is not only true, but is the truth in its highest form, should be constantly before the eye of every one who aspires to guide the public taste. It presents him to himself as the model judge, as the ensample by whose procedure all men within its influence take pattern. It tells him that all the virtues becoming the judgment seat should be his; that he should exercise a rigid impartiality; that he should do no action and form no connection which for a moment throws suspicion upon his uprightness; and, also, that he should, while exercising this virtue, take the most favorable view which is consistent with it, of every matter brought before him, bearing in mind the words of Pope, that

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ,
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind,
Nor lose for that malignant, dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit."

Our remarks so far apply with equal force to criticism in every department of art, but we wish specially to bring to the test of Dr. Johnson's definition the doings of those who set the "standard of judging well" in musical matters. There is undoubtedly a feeling abroad in the public mind that in this connection all is not as it should be; a feeling which has spread so far that those the most remote from the centre of action read with suspicion tainting the respect they feel for their chosen guides. This arises not so much from a spirit of restless insubordination on the part of those led as from the want of consistency and fitness on the part of many who aspire to lead. The readers of newspapers and art journals in these days are neither destitute of perceptive faculties nor of the power of forming their own opinions from what they see, and equally "fierce" with the "light that beats upon a throne" is that which envelops the doings of the court where the critic sits as judge. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that when a so-called censor of public taste writes an elaborate article upon a performance that never took place, or when another is openly accused of using his position for the furtherance of his own pecuniary ends, that society infers from the cropping up of

these flagranties the existence of many more never guilty of being found out? As a thing of course, there is a decadence in public faith and a steady setting in of those evils which familiarity with evil always begets. One of the most common faults in modern musical criticism is a tendency to excessive laudation. We will not say that the fault is a harmless one, though, perhaps, its consequences are less serious than those of most others. It may arise from a variety of causes, some of which do credit to the critic's heart, if not to his head. In the first place, lavishing praise upon a work or its performance is a very easy thing to do, and, next, in the case of a kind-hearted man, it is very pleasant. Successful fault-finding demands a knowledge of the subject matter and a degree of careful discrimination not always readily brought to bear. Failing these things, there remain those well-worn terms of approval which pass current because, while pleasing some, they hurt nobody. Then there are those to whom it is absolutely painful to have to give an adverse verdict. Their generous sympathy for individuals blinds them to their duty as impartial judges acting for the benefit of society at large, and induces them to let off easily those who should be punished with a just severity. Now, it is evident that in such cases as these there is practically an abdication of all judicial functions, and that what is done by men thus influenced is really no criticism at all. Passing as such, however, it may mislead public opinion and set up a "standard of judging well" which from its leniency would assuredly drag down art to its own level.

Another fault, more rarely found than the one just noticed and of a totally opposite character, is a disposition to treat everything in a spirit of cynical severity. This is as much a crime against the interests of art as the leniency we have commented on, and it is something more: it is at once the result and cause of feelings which are either unworthy or downright bad. The cynical critic may be such from an idea that his cynicism is a proof of severe and refined taste. On this point we cannot do better than quote McCulloch, who has effectually disposed of such a pretension in the following extract: "Fastidiousness, the discernment of defects, and the propensity to seek them are not proofs of taste, but the evidences of its absence; it is, at least, an insensibility to beauty; it is worse than that, since it is a depravity, when pleasure is found in the discovery of such defects, real or implied, and he who affects this because he considers it an evidence of his taste, is, at least, pitifully ignorant, while not seldom punished by the conversion of that affectation into a reality. * * *

The critic, as he is currently termed, who is discerning in nothing but faults, may care little to be told that this is the mark of unamiable disposition or of bad passions; but he might not feel equally easy were he convinced that he thus gives the most absolute proofs of ignorance and want of taste." This unclean disposition to pass over the healthy parts of the body and to fasten only upon real or imaginary sores, may spring, moreover, from a source still more reprehensible than pride. It may be, and often is, the result of natural disposition, the offspring of sheer malignity. We all know that there are men whose greatest delight is in "taking down" their fellows; and, unfortunately, some of these indulge their spleen in the character of music critics. Unless their own personal interests are affected, they will see good in nothing. Woe to the unfortunate composer or performer who falls into their hands, for if he has done anything worthy of censure, it will be exaggerated, and what in him is praiseworthy will be lampooned. Will these "slashing" writers, with whom we are all familiar, agree with Aiken in this: "He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show;" or with Shenstone in this: "He that fails in writing becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine at length makes excellent vinegar." Or do they recognize a portrait in Swift's terrible description of malignant criticism, "who dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla: Momus found her extended in her den upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked and headstrong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dullness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry and Ill Manners."


The evils of this "malignant" school of criticism are surely not far to seek. Equally with its opposite, it negatives the essential qualities of that which it pretends to be; but it does more, and, in some respects, worse. It tends to create in the

public mind a disposition to carp at and exaggerate the importance of trifles; to look at a work of art, not in the spirit of the worker, and with a loving appreciation of all that is worthy in it, but with a miserable and unworthy eye for those imperfections from which nothing can be exempt. Its influence upon art and artists is equally to be deprecated. Who can tell how many men of promise, possessing powers which only needed the sunshine of sympathy and encouragement to expand into a fair and beautiful thing, have been hindered or altogether stopped in their career through falling into the hands of these dashing critics? And who can tell the amount of bitterness of feeling and ill-will these usurpers of the judgment-seat have caused by their merciless and vindictive sentences? Enough, we know, to make us wish devoutly for the speedy extinction of the whole tribe.

"A third reprehensible feature in the present state of musical criticism has its root in the entangling connections which its professors too often allow themselves to form. A critic who, by any means, has come to have a direct personal and pecuniary interest in any musical men or things, is manifestly unfitted for his position. This is so, no matter what may be his character. He may be a man well qualified by knowledge and experience; he may have an honest soul within him, and a determination to be just at all hazards; but so long as human nature is what it is, neither he nor his readers can feel safe. When a struggle arises in any man between duty and interest, it may be said, without libeling our humanity, that the odds are in favor of the latter. Yet, well known and admitted as is this fact, familiarity with the evil under notice has induced a disposition to tolerate it, while, at the same time, we are ready enough to denounce it when it appears in other connections. What, for example, would be said if one of our leading judges were known to be personally concerned in the result of any case brought before him? Should we not expect him, as a matter of course, to hand it over to one of his brethren, or if, presuming upon public ignorance of the circumstances, he pronounced judgment himself, should we not demand his immediate disgrace? Not only in this case, but in all others outside the world of art, which involve the exercise of judicial functions, we demand something more than the presence of an earnest desire to be upright, we demand and insist upon the absence of any interest in being otherwise. Why not in art matters? Why not in music? That we do not, may be an exquisite compliment to the critics, but it is a costly one also. The chief danger of tolerating the state of things which now too commonly obtains among us, lies in the fact of its tendency to take more and more objectionable form. "All weeds grow apace," and the presence of a single thistle in a field has a significance no prudent farmer will overlook. Already there are indications of the oncoming of a condition of things which, if not sternly "stamped out," will make of musical criticism a by-word and a laughing-stock. The time is not far distant (even if it be not already come) when there will be no longer that decent concealment of vice which at least recognizes the homage due to virtue, but when it will be flaunted openly before the eyes of men without scruple or shame of face. Whenever our readers behold such a phenomenon looming above the horizon, let them mark it well, for it will be a sign of the times.

The positive reprehension of vice is a negative inculcation of virtue, therefore we need not say what should be the distinguished features of real musical criticism. Our readers will have little difficulty in drawing the moral for themselves, and, we trust, will have as little hesitation in insisting, so far as their influence goes, upon the possession and rigid observance, by all who pretend to guide their tastes, of the true ethics of the calling they profess.—*Am. Art Journal.*

MUSIC TEACHING.

E hear a great deal about the refining influence of music. But to this art, and indeed to all arts, may be applied what Rousseau said of the sciences: "People always think they have described what the sciences do, when they have in reality only described what the sciences ought to do." If instead of repeating high-sounding phrases we examine plain facts, we come to see that those who doubt and deny the noble capability claimed for music, need not be at a loss for strong arguments in support of their way of thinking. Indeed, looking around us, and scanning the cultivators of the art, of how many of them can we say that they cultivate it with profit?

Must we not rather admit that an overwhelming majority waste time, money, energy, and their own and other people's patience lamentably? When I spoke of profitableness, I thought of what affects the mind and heart, and through them the whole moral and intellectual man. But even if we take a lower view of music, and regard it as no more than the art of harmonic proportions, nay, if we take the lowest possible view of it, and regard it merely as a pastime that pleasantly tickles our ears and agreeably exercises our lungs, fingers, hands, &c., even then our inquiry will have a result which cannot but appear to us in the highest degree unsatisfactory. To be sure, there are now-a-days a goodly — though not a relatively large — number of performers who have attained a considerable amount of executive skill, but they are for the most part machines rather than agents. We may divide them into two classes—one very numerous, the other much less so. Those belonging to the former are a kind of musical boxes with a limited number of tunes, apt to deteriorate by the wear and tear of time; those belonging to the latter, on the other hand, may be likened to the ingenious contrivance known by the name of pianista, the repertory of which is limited only by the supply of the requisite perforated cardboard. But, after all, genuine music—which is something very different from the usual strumming, scraping, piping, and dittying—is a powerful means of culture. It is a language that expresses things which no other language can express, at least not with the same force and subtlety; a language that solves the problem of how one soul speaks to another soul. The power of speaking and understanding this language, however, is not so much an acquirement from without as a growth from within. Unfortunately, in most cases, so-called musical accomplishments do not deserve even the name of acquirements, being rather precarious loans than absolute purchases. Where then have we to lay the blame for the present unsatisfactory cultivation of music? There can be only one answer: On our teaching. And our teaching is so miserable a failure, because it is not musical education, or, to use the more impressive Saxon equivalent, because it is not a "drawing out" of the innate musical faculties. Ignorant or heedless of their proper function, teachers only too often content themselves with doing for their pupils what the setters of barrels do for barrel-organs. I said intentionally that the blame for the present unsatisfactory cultivation of music is to be laid on our teaching, not our teachers. For, although no doubt one part of the blame rests on the teachers, another part, perhaps the greater, rests on the pupils and the parents of the pupils. The most common and most mischievous sins of parents are these three: (1) They hand over their children for elementary lessons to incompetent teachers; (2) they are unwilling to provide them with, or neglect to insist on their submitting to, regular, continuous instruction; (3) they demand immediate results of a kind that can only be obtained by mechanical drill and precludes real education. Hence the daily comedies or tragedies—as we may feel inclined to view them—in a teacher's life, those applications for finishing lessons by people who, after years of occupation with music, have not yet learned the elements. By earnest advice and stout opposition to parents and pupils, teachers could no doubt lessen the existing evils; but fear of loss of custom, on the one hand, and the unreasonableness and weaknesses of parents, and the indifference, idleness, and impatience of pupils, on the other hand, warn us not to expect too much in this direction. In fact, I think only one remedy can bring about a radical change, and that remedy is the proper cultivation of music in schools, from primary schools upwards.

As sounds are the material of music, the training of the ear ought to be the foundation of a musical education. Unfortunately, this *sine qua non* of a good musical education is generally conspicuous only by its absence. The usual way of teachers is to let the ear take care of itself. In short, most musical ears are self-taught. And even when some attention is paid to the ear, mechanical execution is allowed to get ahead of intelligent perception. The proper course for teachers to take seems to me to be this: Never to proceed to a new task till the instrumentalist is able to sing as well as to play, and the vocalist is able to perform without the help of an instrument or another voice, the preceding task. Little profit can be derived from monkey-like or parrot-like imitation. Imitation to be profitable must be intelligent—that is to say, the pupil must know what he is imitating. From the very first he has to be made acquainted with the relations of tones to each other as regards pitch and time. Both kinds of relation are important, and require long and careful study, separate as

well as simultaneous; but the former is the more difficult, and shall here alone be noticed. In introducing the pupil to the multitude of melodic progressions and harmonic combinations care has to be taken that the advance is gradual. The historical development offers the best model for the course the teacher ought to choose. Begin with the phase of the savage: eschew harmony altogether, and confine the melody to a few notes. The compass of the melody is then gradually extended, and by and by a second part is added, followed in time by a third and a fourth. But the pupil must be always able to realize mentally the harmony as well as the melody. And in order to acquire this power, he has to be made to analyze the chords and to perform them melodically. The ear may be trained like any other organ. There are few men who, if they had received a proper training, would not be able to realize the meaning of what they are reading as easily in reading notes as in reading letters. The importance of the ability of recognizing sounds and realizing notes is again becoming more and more understood to be an essential item of musicianship, as is shown by the introduction of ear-tests at examinations and of musical dictation at music schools. The Paris Conservatoire included in 1871 *dictée musicale* in its curriculum. Since then several German music schools have followed the French example. In 1882 two instruction books on this subject were published: a big one in French—A. Lavignac's "Cours complet de dictée musicale;" and a little one in German—H. Götze's "Musikalische Schreibübungen." Dr. Hugo Riemann numbers among the warm advocates of the *Musikdictat*. But let us not deceive ourselves. The attention paid to the ear in a later stage of the musical studies cannot make up, except in the case of the specially gifted few, for the neglect in the earlier stages.

A very important question presents itself at the very threshold of teaching. Are we to begin with the teaching of things or of symbols, or with the teaching of both conjointly? And if we do not prefer, as some do, to do at first without symbols, which is the notation most advantageous, most encouraging to the beginner—the old notation, the tonic sol-fa, the improved fixed Do, or the Galin-Paris-Chevé figure notation? Or would it be advisable to use the old notation simultaneously with one of the others, so that they might mutually cover their deficiencies and combine their strengths? This is too intricate a question to be dealt with in a few remarks thrown out in passing; I therefore leave it undiscussed on the present occasion. But teachers should avoid the fault censured by John Hullah, when he says: "We often find the earlier chapters of rudimentary treatises, whether on music or on any other subject, occupied, not with attempts to convey ideas of the things to be first studied, but with explanations of the symbols which represent them, many of these latter, perhaps, not being called into requisition till an advanced period in the study, when they have to be learned again."

As the conveying of the ideas of things (here first and foremost those of pitch and time) is in the early stages of teaching a slow process, which, as I have already said, should not be outrun by monkey-like or parrot-like performances, there will be always time enough for laying the foundation of a sound technique by a regular course of finger gymnastics in the case of players, and of lung, throat and mouth gymnastics in the case of singers. One hour's methodical drill advances a pianist more than a whole year's unmethodical sprawling. By long doing a thing ill, you will never learn to do it right. This method, though it may seem a round-about way, is in reality a short cut. The impatient desire for immediate results has done in the past, is doing at present, and will do in the future, incalculable harm. Mr. Lennox Browne, in his "Medical Hints on the Production and Management of the Voice," remarks: "Beginners, especially amateurs, are so impatient for immediate results that scarcely any time can be given to the study of the most essential preliminaries of the vocal art. Singers are therefore so unacquainted with the mechanism of the voice that not even one in a hundred can explain how he produces a note. There are still fewer who are able to manage their breath properly."

No one can expect to become a fluent and correct reader unless he has studied music intelligently, that is, unless he knows at a glance the melodic, harmonic and rhythmical structure of what he is playing or singing, both as a whole and in its details—the intervals of the melodic progressions, the constituents of the chords, the changes of key, and the divisions and groupings of bars, periods and movements. When the advanced student of music who has remained ignorant of these matters is suddenly confronted by them *en masse*, the sight

terrifies him so that he thinks discretion the better part of valor, takes to his heels, and resolves to live the rest of his days in blissful ignorance. Now, if he had been made acquainted with them little by little, he would have mastered these awe-inspiring difficulties with ease. In fact, the only safe way is to advance step by step, always making sure of each new footing—haste and leaps unfailingly land the tyro in the slough of despond that lies on either side of the narrow path. If the learner has once made sure of the first footing, he is pretty safe, provided he proceeds warily. Now, this first footing consists, on the one hand, of the conception of the monotone and its nearest deflections, the major and minor second (tone and semitone), and, on the other hand, of the conception of isochronism, and the resolution of isochronous beats of one kind into quicker ones that stand to them in the relation of two to one and of three to one. Out of these simple elements all the rest can be evolved up to the most complicated melodic, harmonic and rhythmical structures. I must here quote part of an approving letter of Liszt's to Mathis Lussy, written after an examination of that author's "Réforme dans l'enseignement du piano: Exercices de piano dans tous les tons majeurs et mineurs à composer et à écrire par l'élève." After alluding to the fundamental principle of this method, which consists "dans la continuelle mise en activité des facultés intellectuelles de l'élève," to the legions of *automates fastidieux*, who are nevertheless inferior in skill and charm to the *pianos mécaniques*, he proceeds thus: "In order to obtain less deceptive results, it will be necessary resolutely to appeal to the intelligence of the pupils and masters to conform to your method, by associating with the practice of the mechanism the noblest faculties of the human soul, and to provide for their legitimate predominance. Consequently the simultaneous teaching of the notions of harmony and of the constituent elements of music with that of the processes of fingering becomes indispensable. The manipulative study (*étude manouvrière*) of the keyboard cannot be profitable to the good practice of the art unless there are joined to it other ingredients. From the beginning of the pupil's studies he ought to be familiarized with the tonalities, transposition, rhythm, &c., and for this end one cannot too strongly advise that the intelligence should at once be put in action, and the pen in the hand. Just as one teaches children to read and write words, it is necessary to teach to read and write chords to all those who devote themselves to music, lest one should see them become discouraged and stupefied in a more or less laborious way."

But the intelligence of the pupil has not only to be stimulated and developed with regard to the externalities of the art, but also and more especially with regard to its soul. For it is in this soul that the power of music as a means of culture lies. The pupil cannot be taught too soon that music is not a mere tinkling and jingling. He ought to be made aware betimes of the meaning—i. e., the emotional or other contents—of what he plays or hears others play. For that reason songs that do justice to the words, and genuinely characteristic pieces like Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood" and "Album for the Young," have an immense educational value. I will not say that soulless music—of which there is a good deal—and music with little soul in it—of which there is even more—should never be given to pupils, for that kind of stuff may be useful for technical purposes; but what I will say is that they ought always to be told what is good and what is not. In fact, conversations about the music to be practised, or the music that has been practised, cannot but be profitable in many respects, and may further the artistic education of the pupil more than the practice itself. A much neglected matter is of enormous importance—namely, the choice of music. Of course, bad, vulgar and lewd music has to be avoided like poison; but no less music which is over the head of the pupil. Most of Beethoven's works, for instance, are not milk for babes. The practising of compositions intellectually too difficult does as much harm as the practising of compositions technically too difficult. There is another aspect of the art which the teacher must reveal to the pupil—the æsthetic. And, perhaps, no other aspect stands so much in need of revelation. However, the æsthetic—the beauty of line and form—too, is a manifestation of the soul.

In conclusion, I venture to remind my fellow-teachers of two proverbs, and to ask them to remember these wise saws in the pursuit of their profession. The first comes to us from the Romans: *Festina lente*. The second comes to us from the Italians: *Chi va piano va sano*.—FR. NIECKS, in *The Musical Times*.



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LA POLKA DE LA REINE.

Joachim Raff, Op. 95.

Allegro, a Capriccio. ♩ - 72.

The first system of the musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth-note chords, marked with fingerings 1, 2, 4, 5 and 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure.

♩ - 132

Allegretto grazioso rubato.

The second system continues the piece with a more complex melodic line in the treble staff, featuring many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata.

The third system shows further development of the musical themes. The treble staff has a melodic line with various ornaments and fingerings. The bass staff maintains a consistent rhythmic pattern. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata.

The fourth system is marked 'animato.' and features a more rapid and lively melody in the treble staff. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. Dynamics include *Red.* and **.*

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Dynamics include *Red.*, **.*, and *cres.*

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Dynamics include *Red.* and **.*. The section is marked *Tempo 1º* and *Al tempo.*

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Dynamics include *p*, *f*, *Red.*, and **.*. A measure is marked with a bracket and the number 10.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Dynamics include *p*, *f*, *rit.*, *Red.*, and **.*

This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, likely a study or a short composition. It consists of six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The notation includes various musical elements:

- System 1:** Starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 4 3 2 1 and 8. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*, *marcato*, and *ff*. The system ends with the instruction *a battuto*.
- System 2:** Continues the eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The right hand plays chords with fingerings 4 5 4 and 3. Dynamics include *ff* and *marcato*.
- System 3:** The right hand plays a descending scale-like pattern with fingerings 5 4 5 4. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* and *marcato*.
- System 4:** The right hand plays a series of chords with fingerings 5 4 5 4 and 3. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* and *marcato*.
- System 5:** The right hand plays a series of chords with fingerings 5 4 5 4 and 3. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* and *marcato*.
- System 6:** The right hand plays a series of chords with fingerings 5 4 5 4 and 3. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* and *marcato*.

The notation is highly detailed, with many accidentals and fingerings. The overall style is characteristic of 19th-century piano music.

This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, likely a study or a short composition. It consists of four systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation is characterized by complex fingerings, including triplets and sixteenth-note runs. Dynamics such as *pp* (pianissimo) and *f* (forte) are indicated. The word *simili.* (simile) appears above the first and second systems. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

animato un poco.

Red. Red. * 4 5 4 5 4 Red. Red. * 4 5 4 5 4 Red. Red. * 4 5 4 5 4 Red. Red. *

8

3 5 1 5 2 5 1 5 2 5 1 3 1 4 2 1 4 2 3 1 2 5 1 2 5 1 5 2 1 3 1 4 2 1 4 2 1 5 1 2 1 3 1 4 2 1 4 2 1 3 1 3 2 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1

Red. *

This page of musical notation is divided into six systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The notation is highly detailed, featuring numerous fingerings (numbers 1-5), slurs, and articulations.

System 1: The first system includes the instruction *diminuendo.* in the first measure, followed by a *p* (piano) dynamic marking in the second measure, and *decrescendo.* in the third measure. The right hand plays a complex, rapid melody with many slurs and fingerings. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with triplets and slurs.

System 2: The second system begins with *pp* (pianissimo) and *a tempo.* The right hand continues with rapid, slurred passages. The left hand features a series of triplets and slurs, with a *Red.* (Reduction) marking below the first measure.

System 3: The third system continues the rapid, slurred passages in the right hand. The left hand features a series of triplets and slurs, with a *Red.* marking below the first measure.

System 4: The fourth system continues the rapid, slurred passages in the right hand. The left hand features a series of triplets and slurs, with a *Red.* marking below the first measure.

System 5: The fifth system continues the rapid, slurred passages in the right hand. The left hand features a series of triplets and slurs, with a *Red.* marking below the first measure.

System 6: The sixth system concludes with the instruction *morendo.* in the final measure. The right hand plays a final, rapid, slurred passage. The left hand features a series of triplets and slurs, with a *Red.* marking below the first measure.

Handwritten musical score system 1. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *poco f*, *p*, *poco f*. Includes fingerings and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score system 2. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p*, *f*. Includes fingerings and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score system 3. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *tumultuoso.*. Includes fingerings and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score system 4. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *p*. Includes fingerings and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score system 5. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *Ad.*, *Ad.*, *Ad.*. Includes fingerings and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score system 6. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *poco f*, *p dolce.*. Includes fingerings and a repeat sign.

This image shows a page of musical notation for a piano piece. The notation is arranged in several systems, each consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo and dynamics are indicated by markings such as "mp animato", "quasi trillo", "cres. un poco", "mf", and "stringendo e crescendo un poco". The notation includes complex fingerings, slurs, and various musical markings such as "Red." and "5321". The page is numbered "8" in the top left corner.

un poco più mosso.

First system of musical notation for piano. The right hand features a complex melodic line with many beamed sixteenth notes and fingering numbers (1-5). The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a fermata over the final chord. A 'Red.' marking is present below the first measure.

Second system of musical notation for piano. Similar to the first, it features a rapid right-hand melody and a consistent eighth-note left-hand accompaniment. A 'Red.' marking is located below the first measure.

Third system of musical notation for piano. Continues the pattern of a fast right-hand melody and eighth-note left-hand accompaniment. A 'Red.' marking is located below the first measure.

Fourth system of musical notation for piano. The right-hand melody becomes more intricate with some triplets. The system ends with a fermata. A 'Red.' marking is located below the first measure.

un poco più mosso e cres.

Fifth system of musical notation for piano. The right hand plays chords and short melodic fragments, while the left hand continues with eighth-note accompaniment. A 'Red.' marking is located below the first measure.

Sixth system of musical notation for piano. The right hand features a series of chords and short melodic lines. The left hand continues with eighth-note accompaniment. A 'Red.' marking is located below the first measure.

stringendo e rinforzando.

8----- *stringendo e rinforzando.*

8

precipitato.

un poco riten.

[illegible]

Handwritten musical score for 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass, in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece consists of 8 measures. The first measure is marked with a '1' and the second with a '2'. The score is written in ink on aged paper.

The musical score is for a piece titled "Ritornello" by Franz Liszt. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, marked "Piano" and "Andante". The introduction consists of a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, creating a harmonic foundation. The tempo then changes to "rapido." (rapid), indicated by a double bar line and the word "rapido." written above the staff. The rapid section is marked "ff" (fortissimo) and features a complex, fast-paced melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note runs and is divided into measures with fingerings (1-4) and breath marks (v). The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

pesante.

p *f* *ff*

THE DYING SWAN.

(Romance Poetique.)

Andante. ♩ - 100.

L. M. Gottschalk.

Op. 100.

First system of musical notation. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats. The first measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand plays a melody with grace notes and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1, 3). The left hand provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks. The system ends with a fermata over the final notes.

8va

Marcato il canto.

L. H.

Second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with a grand staff. The tempo remains 'Andante'. The right hand has a melodic line with a 'cantabile e doloroso' (singing and sorrowful) character. The left hand has a more rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *f* (forte). Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks. The system ends with a fermata.

Third system of musical notation. It continues the piece with a grand staff. The tempo remains 'Andante'. The right hand has a melodic line with a 'legato' (smoothly connected) character. The left hand has a more rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks. The system ends with a fermata.

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Sostenuto.

First system of the 'Sostenuto.' section. It consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. It contains four measures of music, each starting with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lower staff begins with a bass clef and contains four measures of music. Below the staves, there are eight 'Ped.' (pedal) markings, each followed by an asterisk (*). The music features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some measures containing fingerings (1, 3, 4, 3, 1, 4, 3, 1, 4, 1, 4, 1).

Second system of the 'Sostenuto.' section. It consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, with piano (p) dynamics. The lower staff continues the bass line. Below the staves, there are four 'Ped.' (pedal) markings, each followed by an asterisk (*). The system concludes with the instruction 'rit: Lunga Pausa.' (ritardando: long pause).

Con moto e espressione. 88.

Third system of the 'Con moto e espressione.' section. It consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains four measures of music, each starting with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lower staff begins with a bass clef and contains four measures of music. Below the staves, there are four 'Ped.' (pedal) markings, each followed by an asterisk (*). The music features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some measures containing fingerings (1, 3, 4, 3, 1, 4, 3, 1, 4, 1, 4, 1).

Fourth system of the 'Con moto e espressione.' section. It consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the third system, with piano (p) dynamics. The lower staff continues the bass line. Below the staves, there are four 'Ped.' (pedal) markings, each followed by an asterisk (*). The system concludes with the instruction '8va' (octave).

8va

mf

f

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

8va

p

poco rall:

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Tempo Primo. ♩ = 100.

L.H.

Ben cantando.

p

f

legato.

pp

Ped. Ped. Ped.* Ped.* Ped.* Ped.* Ped.*

p

f

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.* Ped.* Ped.* Ped.* Ped.* Ped.*

As played by the Author.

scintillante.
Ossia. 8va. 8va 8va 8va

rapido.

mf *p* *p* *p* *p*

sostenuto.

poco cresc:

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.* Ped.* Ped. Ped.*

scintillante.
8va 8va 8va 8va

rapido.

p *p* *p* *p*

Lunga Pausa.

poco cresc:

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Con moto. 8va. 88.
Dolce.

mf

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with various ornaments (x) and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). The bass clef staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. Pedal markings are present below the bass staff. A *cres:* marking is visible in the right-hand staff.

Second system of musical notation. Continues the melodic and harmonic development. The treble staff features more complex ornaments and fingerings. The bass staff includes a sequence of notes with fingerings (4, 2, 1, +, 2, 4, +, 1, 3). Pedal markings are interspersed with asterisks.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a *f* dynamic and includes a *8va* marking. The bass staff has a *p* dynamic. The system concludes with a *pp* dynamic. Pedal markings and asterisks are used throughout.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff includes a *8va* marking. The bass staff features a *f* dynamic and a *lento cres:* marking. The system ends with a *Fine* marking. Pedal markings and asterisks are present.

CHARMING MAY SCHOTTISCHE.

Carl Sidus. Op. 77.

Tempo di Schottische. ♩ 144.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The first two systems are marked 'p' (piano) and the last two are marked 'f' (forte). The tempo is 'Tempo di Schottische' with a tempo of 144 beats per minute. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks. Fingering numbers (1, 2, 3, 4) are provided for many notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

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First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings are present below the bass staff: *Ped.*, *Ped.*, *Ped.*, ** Ped.*, *Ped.*, ***. A dynamic marking *p* is visible in the first measure.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings are present below the bass staff: *Ped.*, *Ped.*, *Ped.*, ** Ped.*, *Ped.*, ***. A dynamic marking *p* is visible in the first measure.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings are present below the bass staff: *Ped.*, ***, *Ped.*, ** Ped.*, ***. A dynamic marking *Dolce.* is visible above the first measure.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings are present below the bass staff: *Ped.*, ***, *Ped.*, ***.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings are present below the bass staff: *Ped.*, *Ped.*, *Ped.*, *Ped.*, *Ped.*, ** Ped.*, ***. A dynamic marking *Scherzando.* is visible above the first measure.

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.

J. R. Thomas.

Andante semplice ♩ -108.

1. 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed
2. Where is the heart that doth not

1. flower, But oh! how fond - ly dear, 'Twill bring me back one gold - en hour, Through
2. keep With - in its in - most core, Some fond re - mem - brance hid den deep, Of

pizz.
1. man - y, thro' many a wea - ry year. I may not to the world im - part, The
2. days, of day that are no more! Who has not sav'd some trif - ling thing More

cres.
2d Verse. A faded flow'r, a broken ring,

dim.
secret, the se-cret of its pow'rs But treasured in my in-most heart I keep my fad-ed
priz'd, more priz'd than je-wels rare! (second verse above.) A tress of gold-en

p ritard. *Refrain. a tempo.*
flow'r, I keep my fad-ed flow'r. 'Tis but a lit-tle fad-ed flow'r, But
hair, a tress of gold-en hair.

poco ritard.
Oh! how fondly dear, 'Twill bring me back one gold-en hour, Thro' many, thro' many a wea-ry

year. a tempo.

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New Edition revised by the Author.

(**LE TREMOLO.**)

Henry Rossellen.

Moderato — 88.

Moderato 88.

p *mf* *f*

Ped. *Ped.*

ff *f*

Ped.

rit. e dim. - - - - - uen - - - - - do

L'istesso Tempo  — 88.

Grazioso ed espressivo.

simili.

The image shows a musical score for 'The Swan' by Camille Saint-Saëns. It is a piano and vocal soloist arrangement. The score is in 3/4 time and G major. The piano part includes a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking and a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The vocal part includes a 'rit.' marking and a '1 2 5' marking.

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a tempo.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

agitato.

f

Ped. Ped. Ped.

dim. *accel.* *rall.*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

a tempo.

Ped. Ped.

f *rit.*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

a tempo.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains dense sixteenth-note passages with fingerings 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present below the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains dense sixteenth-note passages with fingerings 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present below the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains sixteenth-note passages with fingerings 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 4. Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present below the bass staff. A *cres.* marking is above the first measure, and a *do* marking is above the fourth measure. A *rit.* marking is above the fifth measure, followed by a dashed line and the word *ard*.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains sixteenth-note passages with fingerings 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1. Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present below the bass staff. A *a tempo.* marking is above the first measure, and a *simili.* marking is above the second measure.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains sixteenth-note passages. Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present below the bass staff. A *rit.* marking is above the third measure, followed by a *f* marking.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains sixteenth-note passages. Bass staff contains chords and single notes. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present below the bass staff. A *a tempo.* marking is above the first measure.

Giacoso.

p

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

cres. *cen* *do*

mf

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

cres.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

p

simili. *simili.* *simili.*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

rit.

f

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

a tempo.

First system of musical notation. The right hand features a continuous sixteenth-note arpeggiated pattern. The left hand plays chords with fingerings 1 2 5, 1 2 5, and 3. Pedal points are indicated below the first, second, and fourth measures.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the arpeggiated pattern. The left hand has chords with fingerings 2 4, 3 5, 2 5, and 2 5. Pedal points are indicated below the first, third, and fourth measures. The word "cres." appears above the third measure, and "cen." and "do" appear above the fourth measure.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand continues the arpeggiated pattern. The left hand has chords with fingerings 3 4, 4, and 4. Pedal points are indicated below the first, third, and fourth measures. The word "cres." appears above the third measure, and "f" appears above the fourth measure.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues the arpeggiated pattern. The left hand has chords with fingerings 4, 3, and 4. Pedal points are indicated below the first, third, and fourth measures. The word "dim" appears above the fourth measure.

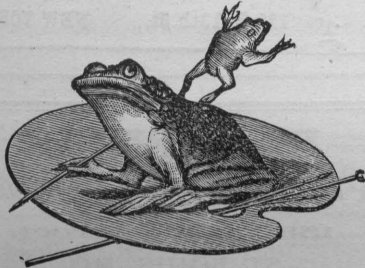
Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand continues the arpeggiated pattern. The left hand has chords with fingerings 4, 4, 8, 4, 4, 3, and 4. Pedal points are indicated below the first, third, and fourth measures. The words "in", "u", "en", and "do" appear above the first four measures. The system concludes with a double bar line, a key signature change to C major, and a final chord marked "ff".

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MISS MARY HOWE'S GREAT SUCCESS.



FROM communications received from Mr. Herman Epstein, now pursuing his studies in Berlin, which we were permitted to see, we learn of the remarkable success of an American young lady, Miss Mary Howe, of Brattleboro, Vermont. This highly gifted girl, still in her teens, has set the audiences at Kroll's Opera House wild with enthusiasm, receiving eight and nine recalls in one evening. She has a phenomenally high *coloratur* voice, singing the high F with ease. She has sung in a number of different operas at the opera in Berlin, and in each instance scored an unqualified success. At the last performance, given a few weeks ago, the audience followed her to her carriage, waving hats and handkerchiefs, crying *Bravo, aufwiederseh'n*, etc. The demonstration affected her very much, and with a feeling of gratitude she threw to those surrounding the carriage a huge bouquet she held in her hands. Such a scramble was never seen. Every one wanted a rose from that bouquet, that might be pressed and held as a souvenir from that wonderful child of song, who was soon to return to her home on American soil.

Miss Howe sailed from London, England, on the 15th of July, in company of her brother and sister-in-law, and has probably reached New York by the time this reaches the press. We wish her a sincere welcome, and a renewal of her recent triumphs.

"ONLY A MUSICIAN."



HIS expression, often uttered in contemptuous tone, conveys some idea of the estimation in which the musical profession is held by those who form their judgment of a class from what they know of individuals, and from current opinion as it exists among those who find it easier to sneer than to be charitable. It is true, that the severity of the labor and application required to gain a thorough knowledge of any department of music, is such as to monopolize the attention of the student to the exclusion of other matters, and that, too, at a period when habits are formed and tastes acquired. The enthusiastic musical student sacrifices everything to his studies, and thinks of nothing but his scores and instrument. Furthermore, the improved methods of teaching, and the largely increased and increasing number of those who intend to devote their lives to music, either as teachers or performers, renders competition among those who are struggling for a livelihood, closer and sharper, and, consequently, greater excellence and the highest possible attainments are required. As a result, real excellence and consequent remunerative appreciation follow only incessant and vigorous application. The struggle is continuous and severe, and only the fittest survive the ordeal. But a man, even a musician, cannot work always; at least, he ought not to, and recreation is as necessary as rest and food to a worker. There are many spare moments and hours, and these the wise man will not waste, but will devote to good use; and what better use can time be put to than in cultivating the talents which nature has given? Too often musicians use their "off time" in personal indulgence or in shiftless rest, when, as they could learn by brief experience, they might be gaining rest, knowledge and pleasure by courses of study and reading in directions so entirely different from those pursued in their profession, that even the change itself would afford relief and supply recreation.

The musician, whose art frequently brings him in contact with intelligent and well-informed people, who find him able to participate in the discussion of topics outside of those akin to his profession, is of more credit to that profession than the musician who can talk only of music, and knows nothing else. The latter experiences, as the result of his ignorance, the neglect of educated people, and, failing to realize his own defects, attributes this neglect to the insolence of wealth or the coldness of pride. Of the former, it will not be said that he is "only a musician," for, while he has exerted his powers to ensure success in one direction, he has also cultivated his other talents, and acquired a good degree of that knowledge which is power. He is, indeed, a musician, but he is also a man whose influence will go far beyond the circle of his profession, and help to disarm sneers and sarcasm, while his indolent brother, content to be "only a musician," will plod on in his narrow sphere all his days.—*The Leader*.

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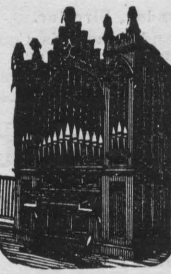
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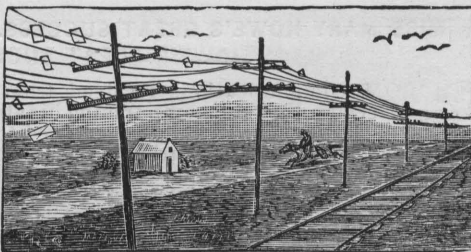
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GLASGOW, July 12th, 1888.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Not like Goldsmith's Traveler, "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," but with spirits refreshed by a long sea voyage, and with mind alert to seize on the new sights that come at every turn, I again send you musical notes from the other side of the fish pond, only this time my letter will be less musical than usual, for I have not yet found any concerts to review, and I scorn to found my criticisms entirely upon imagination. Besides this shortcoming, I fear that this letter must contain a large amount of the personal pronoun. I hope your readers will acquit me of the charge of egotism, for on a sea trip one can only record personal impressions, and the voyage has been described a thousand times already. Nevertheless I hope to be able to squeeze a few drops of novelty out of the well pumped subject. Let me however begin in Boston. The musical season was almost dead when I wrote you my last letter. Only the New England Conservatory of Music gave a few additional events to the record. The Alumni banquet of that institution was a great success. Mr. and Mrs. Dunham and Mr. and Mrs. Truette, received the guests, Mr. Louis C. Elson was toastmaster, and the eminent divine, Phillips Brooks, gave the chief speech. Short addresses were also made by Messrs. S. A. Emory, F. E. Morse, and J. G. Switzer.

The commencement exercises, in Tremont Temple, were not less successful, the address at the presentation of diplomas being made by Ex. Gov. A. H. Rice. Thus ended the season of 1887-8, with the exception of the Music Hall concerts, which go on through the summer, and form a connecting link between the seasons. Yet even these have undergone a change, and at the wharf in New York I met Mr. Franz Kneisel who was kind enough to come from his steamer to bid me good-bye. He was bound on the same pilgrimage as myself—to Bayreuth, and his place as director will be taken by Herr Adolf Neuendorf. A parting dinner at the Hofmann House given by some members of the New York musical press, put me in the best possible humor for the trip, and when I found among my fellow passengers in the Tourjee European excursion party, such musicians as Geo. E. Whiting, John D. Buckingham, Jas. H. Howe and Joshua Phippen Jr., I felt that sociability would rule the voyage. It did not, however, for the first few days, for a gale such as I have never seen on the Atlantic in summer, tossed us about in a manner that left but seven passengers out of two hundred, at the dining table for a couple of days, the rest being engaged in meditating upon St. Paul's text—"Cast ye then up!" But the clerk of the weather relented when the Fourth of July came, and gave us a brief glimpse of the sun. A committee of arrangements was formed to see that the day was properly observed on board the "Furnessia," although we were a thousand miles away from American territory. I found a piper in the steerage who was very willing to earn ten shillings, and in a few moments after lunch the strains of "Marching through Georgia" were heard and the Americans, arm in arm, paraded in solemn procession, three times around the ship. I was elected the orator of the day, and was inspired by a rosette of the national colors which a Western lady pinned on my coat before I began. I alluded to the fact that no matter how actively eruptive they were, the Americans had not thrown up their patriotism. I spoke of the fact that we were going to a kindred, not an alien shore, and that we could join in "God Save the Queen" with our neighbors as they in "Star-spangled Banner" with us (which they afterwards did) and that all our travel would but make our native land more dear to us. And in short I allowed the eagle to scream, but not in a manner to offend the many Britons present, who honored many of the patriotic sentiments with a "hear, hear," and afterwards were very friendly in their compliments. I paid tribute to the feelings of the seasick ones in a poem which is surely destined to make me famous, for was it not immediately copied by four amateur newspaper correspondents to be sent to journals in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Illinois!! It ended

One thought within our heart is burning,
Others of many thoughts have dearth,
We only have a single yearning,
We only want—the Earth!

After the oration, came athletic sports of various descriptions; a potato race in which the potatoes are spread about the deck and the contestants see which shall put his potatoes in a pail, first. A spoon race in which a number of ladies run a prescribed course along the shaky deck, balancing an apple in the bowl of a teaspoon held between their teeth. Things ended with an International tug of war, America against Great Britain. I was appointed captain of the American side, and chose some pretty good material, but there were brawny Scots enough on the other side to make the contest a doubtful one. What a tug it was! Phew!! my legs and back are aching yet at the memory of it. We started them over the line and would have won, but for the foolish zeal of one of my men who braced himself against a stanchion, and caused a "foul" after victory had perched on our banners. What an amount of feeling such a contest arouses. It was only tact and square acknowledgment that prevented our celebration from ending as some of the New York celebrations do—in a fight. I was glad to obtain permission for some of the steerage passengers to come upon the upper deck and see the fun; it broke the monotony of their voyage, and two days later, they got up the same sports among themselves, including a tug of war between six Scotch lassies and an equal number of men, when, *mirabile dictu!* the girls drew the males all over the deck with the greatest of ease. It is not the first time in history that the fair sex has drawn the sterner after it! A presi-

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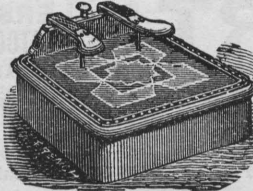
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dential election took place soon after, among the cabin pas-
 sengers. I am not going to tell you for whom I canvassed,
 since I am not writing a political letter, but the canvasser for
 Belva Lockwood obtained five votes, one from an utterly too
 soft gentleman. Harrison was elected—138 votes (if I remem-
 ber) to Cleveland's 68. But there are grave suspicions that
 there was tampering with the returns. One canvasser met a
 nurse with an infant in her arms. Asking her if the boy was
 likely to grow up into a democrat, and receiving an affirma-
 tive response, he thought this a sufficient degree of "natural-
 ization" (it was a Scotch baby) and down the infant went for
 Cleveland. The child wept all night and has been giving loud
 lamentations all through the voyage, so it is just possible that
 remorse is gnawing at his vitals.

And now the voyage is done, and "my foot is on my native
 heath and my name's MacGregor." Pardon the number of
 "I's" your printer will have to use. There shall be more of
 music and less of the ego in the next letter from your ex-
 illed
 COMES.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, July 7, 1888.
 EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—The meeting of the
 Music Teachers' National Association is just over, and is
 generally conceded to have been the most successful one yet
 held, both in the points of attendance and results attained.
 The cliqueism, once so apparent in this organization seems
 to be rapidly dying out, and a broader view of its aims and
 objects is assuming the ascendancy. There really seems to be
 a desire to encourage the progress of art for art's sake and
 at the same time, to give any musician, whose work is worthy
 of public attention, a chance to exhibit his abilities. That
 there are many very capable musicians in this country, can-
 not be denied, and this was particularly noticeable to those
 who attended this convention.

The quality of the original works of composers residents in
 the United States performed at the meetings, was an actual
 surprise to many of the listeners, as, indeed, it was to your
 correspondent. While, to be sure, there were compositions of
 mediocrity rendered, still the general standard was highly
 acceptable, and in several cases the works were worthy of
 the warmest praise. It is not my intention to enter into detail
 here, concerning these meetings, but I feel that I must specify
 a few of the most meritorious of the original compositions.
 The Quintet for piano and strings by W. W. Gilchrist was
 exceedingly interesting. Mr. Gilchrist is a very scholarly
 writer, and his work evinced great care in its workmanship.
 The Trio for Pianoforte and Strings by Walter Petzet, of
 Minneapolis, was very clever, but the ideas were rather com-
 monplace. Dr. Louis Maas' Concerto for Violin, played by I.
 E. Jacobsohn, was a fine number, particularly the Romanza.
 The same composer's Female Chorus "Will o' the Wisp" was
 very graceful. E. L. McDowell's Pianoforte Concerto in A
 minor reveals a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of
 the instrument for which it was written. The melodies are
 not particularly striking but the treatment is excellent, and
 the orchestral accompaniment remarkably good. Mad.
 Carreno was the soloist and played wonderfully well. G. W.
 Chadwick's Symphony in b flat was another work of great
 interest, and although it came at the end of a long pro-
 gramme, yet it was very warmly received. Its scoring is en-
 titled to special mention. Henry Holden Huss's "Ave Maria"
 and Silas G. Pratt's "Elegy" both for chorus and orchestra,
 as well as the Selections from the 126th Psalm by W. W. Con-
 verse were very enjoyable, the latter number especially con-
 taining breadth and power. Arthur Foote's Suite for String
 Instruments evinced great talent on the part of the composer
 and was highly appreciated. Mr. Frederick Grant Gleason's
 Symphonic Cantata was a delightful work, full of grace
 and beauty, almost Mendelssohnian in its flowing melody.
 Of the remaining orchestral numbers, those by Franz Van
 der Stuecken and S. Beck deserve the highest praise, that of
 the former in particular being almost Wagnerian in boldness
 of orchestral treatment.

In regard to the performers, it was noticeable that many of
 them appeared at these meetings for the first time in the
 history of the M. T. N. A. Mr. Burmeister's Piano Recital was
 one of the most enjoyable features of all. His Chopin playing
 ranks among the best ever heard by your correspondent.
 Miss Aus der Ohe's interpretation of the Schumann Concerto
 was very fine, and Mme. Carreno in the McDowell Concerto
 played with great fire and flash. Miss Dyas Fiann'gan played
 the Grieg, A minor Concerto, very acceptably indeed, revealing
 in her performance a beautiful touch and an accurate
 technique. Mr. Jacobsohn's performance of Dr. Maas' Con-
 certo was broad and musicianly. The Apollo Club's work
 was magnificent, and showed the careful training received at
 the hands of the director, Mr. Tomlins. Mr. Clarence Eddy's
 Organ Recital was also a splendid performance.

The American Composers may congratulate themselves
 upon having their works rendered by Mr. Thomas' orchestra,
 and in most cases directed by the great Theodore himself.
 There were a number of papers read at these meetings of
 more or less interest, some of which excited considerable dis-
 cussion. All necessary business was transacted, but it was
 noticeable that very few of the really distinguished musicians
 took part in these proceedings. However, the M. T. N. A. is
 certainly a strong and worthy organization, and is laboring in
 the right direction at present. All of its members feel highly
 encouraged at the rapidity of its progress, and doubtless its
 history will have much to do with the general advancement
 of music in this country in the future. FRA ANGELICO.

ACCORDING to the New York Herald, Mme. Modjeska claims
 the honor of having discovered Josef Hofmann. "She
 spoke of him to M. Grossman, the Steinway of Russia and
 Poland. That gentleman made a wry face when the actress
 insisted upon his meeting the phenomenon, but with a sigh
 he eventually consented, and Hofmann pere put in an appear-
 ance with a parcel under his arm. The wrappings being
 taken off, a wee bit of humanity emerged. 'And is this the
 misfortune?' Grossman grimly queried. 'It is,' responded
 Modjeska. 'Do you like chocolate?' enquired the piano-
 maker. 'I do,' emphatically said the phenomenon, who
 forthwith began to munch. Then Grossman sat himself
 down to the piano, and struck some chords, the notes of
 which the chocolate-eater mite picked out without looking at
 the key-board. 'Good,' remarked Grossman. 'Now sit down
 and play.' 'What! on that thing?' bravely answered the tot.
 Never! Give me a concert grand and I will play.' The instru-
 ment was a small upright. Mme. Modjeska implored Hof-
 mann's parents not to produce him in public. She was quite
 ready to furnish the wherewithal for his musical education.
 But then Rubinstein got hold of him, and the damage was
 done."



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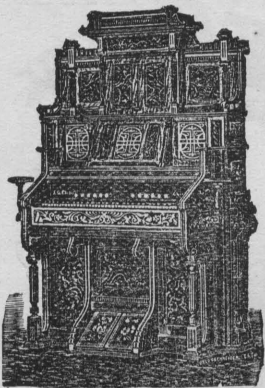
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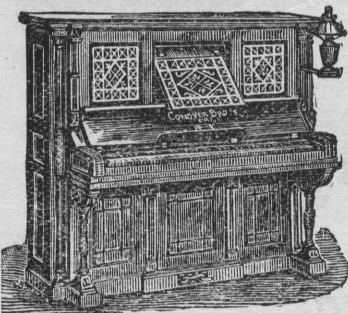
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HEROLD'S MUSICAL PRINCIPLES.



HE composer of "Zampa" was a thinker. After his death, there was found among his papers a collection of precepts entitled by himself "Stupidities, more or less great, brought together in the form of principles by myself." What those "stupidities" were can best be seen by the annexed extracts. Oh, that there were more such stupid composers!

"Take care to write for voices neither too high nor too low. Melodies must come from the soul to reach the soul of the auditors."

"Try to find a just medium between the vague music of Sacchini and the vigour of Gluck. Think often of Mozart and his beautiful *airs de mouvement*."

"Lean always to the side of melodies free from platitudes."

"Examine well the character of the scene: if languor, or vigor, or tenderness, or melancholy, or sadness ought to predominate in each piece."

"In a *crescendo* . . . begin a long way off."

"In all arts, and particularly in music, for some time past, people are skillful in finishing and polishing, without reflecting how much more important is a good general design."

"When the words say nothing, or but little—which is often the case—it is necessary to make a pretty melody in the orchestra with the violins, Italian fashion, repeat it in several keys, with good modulations and mixed up with some striking unison phrases. That makes a good effect, above all in the *ensembles*, or when there are exits and entrances."

"Composers of the present day seek after the new only to finish the phrases. The Italians do the contrary. Keep away from both."

"Of melody as much as possible."

"Declaim with truth and strength."

"Find themes which bring tears."

"Begin a vigorous air with eight bars of *Largo* and attack after."

"Great sorrows are silent," observed Seneca. Thus Hero, seeing the floating corpse of Leander, held her peace. He who goes to the opera only to hear the music had better frequent the concert-room. The musical tragedian ought above all to sing, but ever in agreement with the situation."

"Why not use several styles in a great work? A chief priest can sing in the ancient manner, the others in the modern."

"Church music ought to pray for those who listen to it; as said Salieri."

"The greater the auditorium the less it is necessary to work the orchestra. Think what makes the effect at Milan and Naples."

"Why not, in a grand opera, have a fugal chorus, *a la* Handel? Why? Because it is difficult."

"Why not sometimes have recitatives for four voices, like Handel, when the situation admits of it? Same answer as before."

MUSIC IN MAN.



HE universal disposition of human beings, from the cradle to the death-bed, to express their feeling in measured cadences of sound and action, proves that our bodies are constructed on musical principles, and that the harmonious working of their machinery depends on the movements of the several parts being timed to each other; and that the destruction of health, as regards both body and mind, may be well described as being out of tune. Our intellectual and moral vigor would be better sustained if we had more practically studied the propriety of keeping the soul in harmony, by regulating the movements of the body; for we should thus see and feel that every affection which is not connected with social enjoyment, is also destructive of individual comfort, and whatever tends to harmonize, also tends to promote happiness and health. There is every probability that a general improvement in our taste for music would really improve our morals. We should indeed be more apt to correct discords, but then we should be more ready to avoid their causes, and should not fail to perceive that those feelings which permit not of cheerful, chaste, and melodious expression, are at war with both soul and body. A wholesome musical education is, perhaps, a necessary part of high religious cultivation, and it will be far more valuable to children than the catechistic familiarity with great truths, which being committed to memory as a task, are, alas! too apt for ever to be associated with dark ideas, instead of directing the soul to the Maker of illuminated worlds.—Dr. Moore's "Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind."

ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH.

It is my opinion that very many of the pianists of the present day attempt to perform too many different compositions in public. I had the great privilege of hearing Thalberg and Gottschalk perform many times in concerts and recitals and I remember that they played comparatively few compositions in public, but what they *did* play was executed and expressed in an absolutely faultless manner.

The performance of a composition is effective in proportion as its execution seems as spontaneous as an improvisation. It is said that Thalberg never played a piece in public until he had practiced it for a year and that he was never known to strike a wrong note.

This very perfection of executive ability has sometimes been urged as a proof that Thalberg had not the "fire of Genius," and that Liszt and Rubinstein both possessed "genius" and "often struck wrong notes." It is a defect all the same, and, although a performer may have what is called "genius," and yet strike wrong notes, yet striking wrong notes is not an indication of "genius." Gottschalk was a "genius" and I do not remember ever hearing him play carelessly.—*John Francis Gilder.*

WHY MEN WHISTLE.

WHISTLING was invented to give a man a chance to add a noise to the other noises in creation. The other noises in nature are all attuned to the character of the article that produces them. The breeze makes its gentle sigh, the brook has its peculiar sound, the storm has its crash and its roar. Everything made a noise in the world except man when he was alone. A man can't talk to himself; it is idiotic, although it is astonishing how many people do it. A cough is not a very enjoyable sound, and it irritates the lungs to produce it. A sneeze always goes with a cold in the head. True, a man can sing; that is, he can try to sing, but if it is at all agreeable it seems somehow to be wasted if somebody has not paid an admission fee to hear it. That's why women have such a terrible reputation for talking. They can't whistle, and they have nothing to relieve the restraint when they are alone; so when they get hold of anybody they make up for it. But whistling was invented to conceal music. You don't need to have music in your soul to whistle. It is simply the noise of a vacant mind. The whistle shows the vacant mind in its solitary state. When you hear a man whistle who palpably does not know a tune, he is either a very good fellow or a very bad fellow. Did you ever notice that Jews don't whistle much? They haven't got much vacant mind. When it isn't needed in their own business they rent it to other businesses. But of all whistlers the young gentleman going home about one o'clock in the morning, who whistles "Il Trovatore" with all the band parts takes the bakery.—*Ex.*

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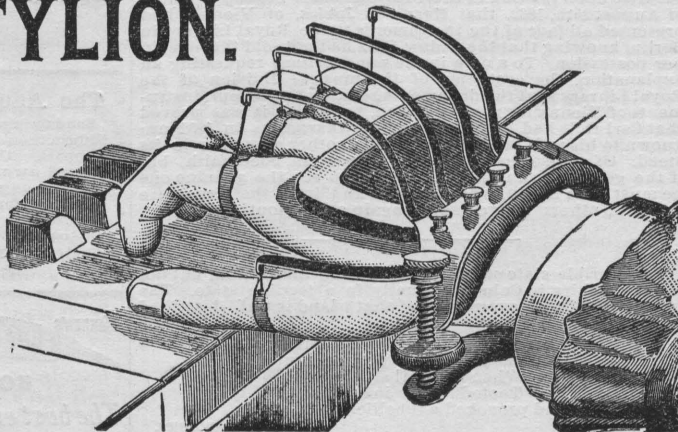
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MAJOR AND MINOR.

A CERTAIN family named Ohlsson, in Lübeck claims to possess a secret method of dealing with old, cracked bells by which their sonorosity can be entirely restored without it's being necessary to resort to the expensive process of recasting. Quite lately Herr Ohlsson has operated on two bells, one of which was cast in 1515, the other in 1520, as they hung in the church towers of Straupitz and Konradsdorf, and in fourteen days he had finished his task. One bell had two cracks where the clapper struck; the other, one crack. Both bells have now recovered their pristine beauty and clearness of tone; whilst the charge for repairing has not amounted to one-half of what the process of recasting would have cost.

A SCIENTIST ON PIANO PLAYING.—Sir James Paget, in his recent address to the students of the London Society for Extension of University Knowledge, said "I recently enjoyed the privilege of hearing a great pianiste, Mdle. Janotha, play a presto by Mendelssohn, and she played 5,995 notes in four minutes and three seconds. Every one of the notes struck involved two motions, and many of them involved repeated motions of the wrist laterally up and down, and the motion of the elbows and the arm. That would be about 24 notes per second, each note involving three distinct muscular motions, or 72 motions in every second. . . . For every second of time there were 200 transmissions of nerve-force from and to the brain.

PROF. WIDDOWS, the chime-ringer at the Metropolitan M. E. Church, has a hobby for bells. He can tell you more about bells and their construction and their tone than any man outside of a bell foundry. Recently his theoretical knowledge crystallized itself into a bell of peculiar construction, which he had patented, and now he carries a miniature model around with him. It makes a very loud, clear sound, for such a small affair, and the Professor looks forward to the time when his newly-patented bell will be in general use. It does not require very much metal, and a set of chimes can be cheaply made. His latest hope is that the Church of the Covenant will secure a complete outfit of tuneful bells from him.—*Washington Post.*

WAGNER's first opera, "The Fairies," produced for the first time in public last month at Munich, is thus estimated by Ludwig Hartmann: "The music is uninteresting, the libretto childish. It is full of reminiscences of 'Euryanthe,' 'Der Freischütz,' 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail,' 'Fidelio' and some Italian works. It is far inferior to 'Rienzi,' but displays fire, audacity and an instinct for theatrical effect. The melodies are fresh but meaningless, the harmony is simple, with some bold progressions, however, and combined chords. The instrumentation in places, especially in the woodwind, gives a presage of 'Lohengrin.' The voice parts are exacting, yet do not produce a deep impression. He adds, 'If you want to form an idea of 'Die Feen,' take the first trio and duo (No 3 and 4) of 'Rienzi,' the 'Tannhäuser' melody in the sextet of Act I, its brother in the overture and duo of 'The Dutchman,' and you have the motive. The recitative is of slight importance; the choruses in the style of Weber and Beethoven at their feeblest."

MENDELSSOHN AT THE PIANO.—"My recollections of Mendelssohn's playing," says Mme. Schuman, "are among the most delightful things in my artistic life. It was to me a shining ideal, full of genius and life, united with technical perfection. It never occurred to me to compare him with virtuosi. Of mere effects of performance he knew nothing. He was always the great musician; and in hearing him one forgot the player and revelled in the enjoyment of the music. He carried one with him in the most incredible manner and his playing was always stamped with beauty and nobility. In his early days, he had acquired perfection of technique; but latterly, as he often told me, he hardly ever practised, and yet he surpassed every one."

"There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it." In our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. See him beat the time with unvarying count and catch up the next note as if no breaking had come between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune and not be dismayed at the "rests." They are not to be omitted. If we look up, God himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him we shall strike the next note full and clear.—*John Ruskin.*

The residents in Santa Maria Street, Pisa, are indeed in an evil case if the following account, for which the Viennese correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* is responsible, be the veritable truth and nothing but the truth:—"The rector of the University of Pisa has received the following petition signed by no less than 200 inhabitants of the town: 'Have pity upon the unlucky people who reside in the Santa Maria Street. In this usually quiet neighborhood every morning as the sun rises may be heard the most dreadful trumpet-blowing, like that which made the Walls of Jericho fall. He who plays this barbarous instrument is a student who thus awakes his colleagues living in the same street. He is himself awakened by an American alarum which they subscribed to buy for him. The examinations are coming on, and lost time has to be made up. This godless disturber blows until all his seventeen colleagues have answered him on small toy trumpets. May it please your Magnificency to put an end to this awful nuisance and to accept the assurance of our eternal gratitude.'"

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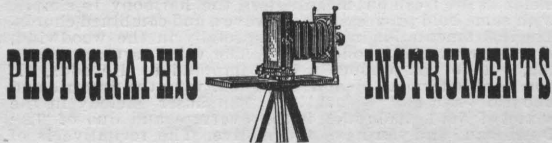


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MUSIC is pre-eminently the art of the nineteenth century, because it is in a supreme manner responsive to the emotional wants, the mixed aspirations, and the passionate self-consciousness of the age.—*Rev. H. R. Haweis.*

Music is the expression of a refined nature.—*Schumann.* Where there is no heart there is no music.—*Hauptmann.* I can grasp the spirit of music in no other manner than in love.—*Wagner.*

Music is the greatest portrayer of soul conditions, but the very poorest delineator of material objects.—*Ambros.*

BREATHING EXERCISES.—I have found it of great advantage to give pupils special exercises for control of the breath both with and without singing. The exercises should be adapted to the needs of each pupil. They must be practised, under the direction of the teacher, in such a manner that they will feel no unpleasant effects therefrom. There should be no violent or spasmodic muscular action, which is always harmful. The exercises should not, as a rule, be practised more than five minutes at one time. Not a word should be said to the pupil during this process of muscular training, about diaphragmatic breathing, intercostal breathing, or the nonsensical, unnatural, so-called clavicular breathing. Nothing should be said about the throat. The pupil should have only one thing at a time to occupy his attention. He should from the first lesson begin to learn (after taking breath easily and naturally into his lungs) how to control the outflow of the breath from the lungs, in such a way as to enable him without unnecessary effort to sing and speak tones that are beautiful and musical in quality.—*Henry Harding in "The Voice."*

TOM HYLAND DID IT.—The Chicago papers have been trying to find some explanation of the fire which destroyed the Bauer Company's stock and building in that city recently, but in vain. Now, the simple fact is that the innocent cause of the trouble was Mr. Thomas Hyland, one of the trusted clerks of the firm of Kunkel Brothers. He was taking a trip northward during a brief summer vacation and, while in Chicago, concluded to spend an hour or two hobnobbing with members of the music trade. He had been received with formal civility in one or two establishments and had just about made up his mind that cordiality was not a Chicago virtue when he turned toward the Bauer establishment. An honest, hearty, St. Louis sun shone radiantly upon the cheerful, honest face of our Tom, which reflected its concentrated rays forward and upon the Bauer store. The unusual glow thus produced immediately set the building and contents on fire. Hyland saw what he had done and pulling his hat over his eyes to avoid a repetition of the accident, he hastily took refuge in Lyon and Healy's—the coolest place he found in Chicago.

It is related that a singing-master once asked Braham, the great English vocalist, to do him the kindness to hear a pupil of his, to whom he had given great attention, sing, stating at the same time, that she had a wonderful voice, and had made extraordinary progress,—could sing the most difficult music at sight, and was altogether a prodigy. The British Apollo appointed a time and the master and pupil were punctual. "Now" said the former, "be so good Mr. Braham, as to place what you may consider the most difficult thing to sing before this young lady, and you will find how she will conquer it." Braham walked to the piano-forte and laid a book before her opened at Luther's Hymn. "There" said he "let me hear you sing that." The young lady blushed; her master seemed almost affronted at what he considered an insult; however he bade his pupil sing it which she did, most miserably out of time and tune. The girl's voice had been spoiled for the sake of enabling her to grunt double F below, or squeal C in alt, and her time had been misspent in attempting to acquire that which could never be of any use except to astonish, and be talked of as something wonderful. It is a common mistake to attempt to make pupils do much, rather than well. Young ladies are made to attempt songs which are only fit for finished artists. It is a greater and better thing to sing a simple song well than a difficult one ill.

The following extract from a letter written by Mr. A. W. Thayer, which has recently appeared in the New York Tribune, is worthy of note, as it exposes a curious Beethoven error. "A newspaper paragraph informs me that 'Beethoven's violin' is now in the possession of a gentleman in England. Thereby hangs a tale. Beethoven possessed a complete set of quartet instruments, presented to him by Prince Charles Lichnowsky, probably about 1769-7; first violin, a Cremona by Joseph Guarnerius, 1718; second violin, by Nicholas Amati, 1667; viola, Vincenzo Ruger, 1690; violoncello, Andreas Guarnerius, 1712. They were sold after the composer's death, and in 1846 the first violin and viola were owned by Carl Holz, then director of the Concerts Spirituels in Vienna. On the bottom of each of these instruments, near the neck, Beethoven scratched a B, and on the neck itself put his zeal in wax. In April, 1860, I called upon the widow of Holz to see the violin and learn her price for it at the request of a gentleman of Boston. Not being a competent judge of its excellence, several violinists examined and tried it for me, with the unanimous verdict that it was an inferior instrument, as indeed it has been declared to be by Vieuxtemps, who had previously examined it. Not one of these gentlemen doubted its authenticity, because there was a B on the back and the remains of a spot of sealing-wax. Imagine my surprise upon reading in the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung* (Vienna) of August 25th, 1862, that Herr von Jokics, of Vienna, had presented all four of the instruments to the Royal Library in Berlin, knowing that the widow Holz had not sold the one in her possession. To a note in the same *Zeitung* requesting an explanation, the custodian of the musical division of the Royal Library sent the documents relating to the four instruments of Vienna for my inspection, by which it was proved that Carl Holz had sold the genuine Guarnerius in 1852 unknown to his wife, and had imposed another upon her in its stead. Of course she sold the instrument in good faith, but if the gentleman in England desires to see the genuine one he must go to Berlin, where he will find it in the large case with the others, where I saw it again a few months since."

The terrible state of affairs in Cuba is interesting, but not novel. Affairs in Cuba are usually in a terrible state. The instability of the government of that island is well described in the following beautiful poem:

There was a young man in Cuba
Who was learning to play on a tuba,
When the frail alto horn
Tooted loudly in scorn,
And provoked a rebellion in Cuba,

—Chicago News.

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Parasol and Umbrella Store.
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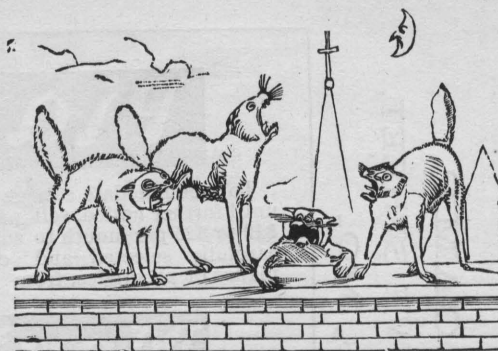
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"I cannot sing the old songs,"
Though well I know the tune,
And I can carol like the bird
That sings in leafy June.

Yet though I'm full of music
As choirs of singing birds,
"I cannot sing the old songs"—
I do not know the words.

I start on "Hail Columbia,"
And get to "heaven born band,"
And there I strike an up-grade
With neither steam nor sand.

"Star-spangled banner" throws me
Right in my wildest screaming,
I start all right, but dumbly come
To voiceless wreck at "streaming."

So when I sing the old songs,
Don't murmur or complain,
If "Ti, de ah da, tum de dum,"
Should fill the sweetest strain.

I love tiddy um dum di do
And the trallala eep da birds
But "I cannot sing the old songs"—
I do not know the words.

—Burdette.

It must not be supposed that the members of brass bands are all truth-tellers because they have no lyres

"WANTED—A plain cook," reads an advertisement. Wonder whose wife put that in the paper?

MISS DE JINKS—"Are you musical, Prof. Jorkins?" Prof. Jorkins—"Yes; but if you are going to play, don't mind my feelings."

Few ladies continue their piano playing long after marriage. If that's true, all the ladies in our block must be single ones. —Philadelphia Call.

THE fashion editor wrote: "Boas are fashionable among young ladies," but the intelligent compositor had it the next day, "Boys are," etc.

The editor of an Illinois daily paper says that he does not depend upon journalism for his daily bread, but raises hens. Wonder whose hens he "raises."

A WRITER in an Irish newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel near Skerries, rejoices that all the crew was saved, except four hogsheds of molasses.

WHISKEY is an antidote for snake bites, and when a Texas man sits on a prickly pear all the argument on earth won't persuade him that a snake didn't bite him.

PAPA—"Now run away Bobby. Papa's busy." Bobby (holding up his hands cupwise)—Drop a nickel in the hole, papa, and you'll see me go.—Judge.

BRIDE—"Henry, do you know that you snore?" Bridegroom—"No; do I? I'm very sorry to hear it. Bride (dryly)—"So am I."—Midsummer Puck.

A farmer writes to the local newspaper complaining of the low price of dairy produce, and adds—"It doesn't pay for the wear and tear of the hen. The price of eggs is ridiculous!"

"You want a servant girl?"
"Yes, sir, a colored one."
"Why a colored one?"
"Because we are in mourning."—N. Y. Mail.

A NEGRO was put upon the stand as a witness and the judge inquired if he knew the nature of an oath. "For certing, boss," said the citizen; "if I swears to a lie I must stick to him!"

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley reflectively, "I take them all back."
"Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

"He seems to have been shot in the diaphragm," said the doctor.
"Oh, no!" exclaimed the weeping wife, "he was shot in the lower end of the saloon."

VISITOR—"Well, my little man, have you any brothers?"

Freddy—"Yes, I have one, but my sister Stella has two."

Visitor—"Why, how can that be?"

Freddy (in some astonishment)—"Me and my little brother, of course."

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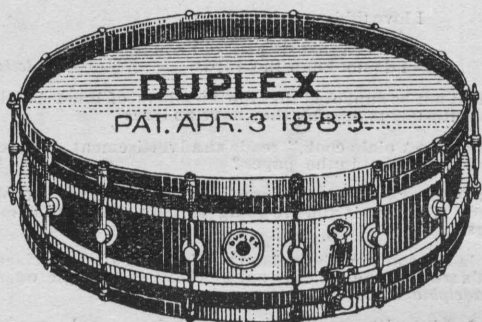
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"MA thinks a great deal of you, I fancy," said a little girl to a physician.
"Why do you fancy that, my child?"
"Because I heard her say she thought you wasn't near so big a fool as that other old humbug."

STEVE—"Yes poor Blivins does look melancholy, as you say." He still suffers from the consequence of an early love affair."
Maud (instantly interested).—"Oh, tell me, did the young lady die or prove false?"
Steve—"Neither. She married him."—Time.

Mrs. Shoddy's views are interesting to those thinking of keeping a carriage. She says she has thought it all over, and come to the conclusion that brooches are almost too large and that these 're coupons are too shut up, but that a nice, stylish pony-phantom is just the thing.

ORGANIST; "As your party marches down the aisle I will play some impressive march." Prospective bridegroom: "That's good, but be particular about the key." Organist: "Oh, certainly! I invariably play wedding marches in B-flat; two flats seem so appropriate."—*Lowell Citizen*.

In the billiard saloon. Two long-haired conservatorists. "Now let us finish the game!" "No; let's have one game more." "Think of the future! We could better employ the time in studying our pianos!" "Oh pshaw! We shall become celebrated half an hour later!"—*The American Musician*.

WIDOW (with marriageable girls): "Julia has a most lovely voice, major—so powerful, you know; but for ringing, silvery tones, give me my second daughter's. Would you like to hear her sing 'Some Day'?" Major (awfully bored): "Certainly! Delighted, I'm sure! Let's say some day next month; that is—er—unless I'm unexpectedly ordered away anywhere."—*Fun*.

HERBERT—"Really, Miss Edith, I am very sorry I kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of temporary insanity in our family."

Miss Edith (pitifully)—"If you ever feel any more such attacks coming on you had better come right here where your infirmity is known and we will take care of you."—Judge.

A POLICEMAN who had offered his hand to a young woman had been refused, arrested her and took her to the station house.
"What is the charge against this woman?" asked the Inspector.
"Resisting an offer, sir," was the reply." She was discharged and so was the officer.

She had promised to be a sister to him.
He thanked her coldly, but said that he already had five sisters.

"Why, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, "I thought you were an only child."

"I am," he responded. "I mean that I have five sisters such as you offer to be," and he tottered to the door—New York Sun.

"ETHEL," asked a Lewiston mother of her daughter as the fair young girl sat down at a late breakfast Tuesday, "Did George leave any package for me last evening?"
Ethel blushed and said falteringly, "Why no, mamma! What made you ask?"

"Oh nothing, only I heard him say at the door as he said good bye, 'now here is one more for your mother' and I didn't know but it was that pattern for lace lambrequins that his mother has promised me."
Ethel said nothing.—*Lewiston Journal*.

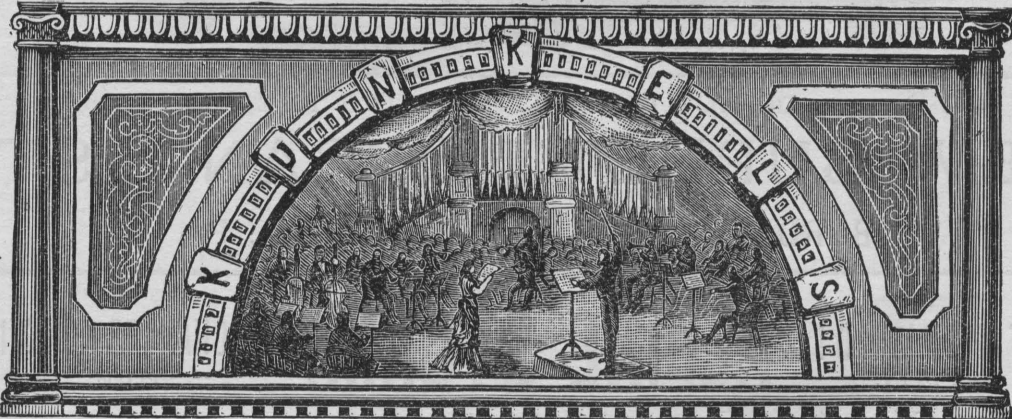
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